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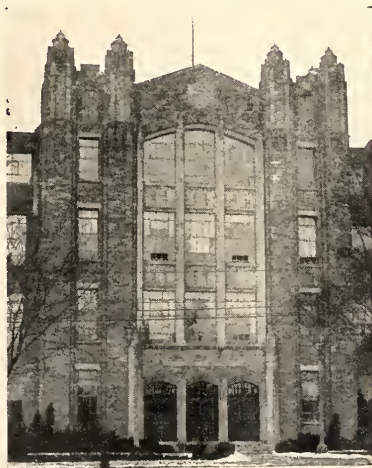
HAMILTON, CANADA

Le Raconteur

1947-1948



Published Annually by
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Secondary Schools**
**And Gratefully Dedicated
To Our Teachers**



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in the

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PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE



Col. M. V. McQueen

O.B.E., B.A.Sc., F.C.I.C.

In these days of commentators, columns, by-lines and international alarms, what may be said that is new or helpful or has not been said and read before?

To those of you, then, who see these lines permit me simply to suggest that you seriously consider and appreciate the many privileges which in your lives have been yours, that you miss no opportunity to help others less fortunate, and that you miss no opportunity to help others less fortunate, and that you remain ever on the alert to protect those privileges and to perpetuate the democratic institutions which make them available and free to all, without regard to race or creed or place of origin.

To whom does the pattern of the future of our country matter more than to you the young and coming citizens whose destiny, for good or ill, lies in the Canada of to-morrow?

Each year I look forward to the opportunity of speaking again to the graduating class at the Commencement Exercises, so in the meantime I wish them all success in their first steps on the path into the world away from Westdale. May the undergraduates find in the summer vacation both recreation and profit, and in the Fall pleasure in the return to school.

Finally, I congratulate the editors and staff of *Le Racanteur* for the initiative and spirit shown in the publication of the magazine this year.



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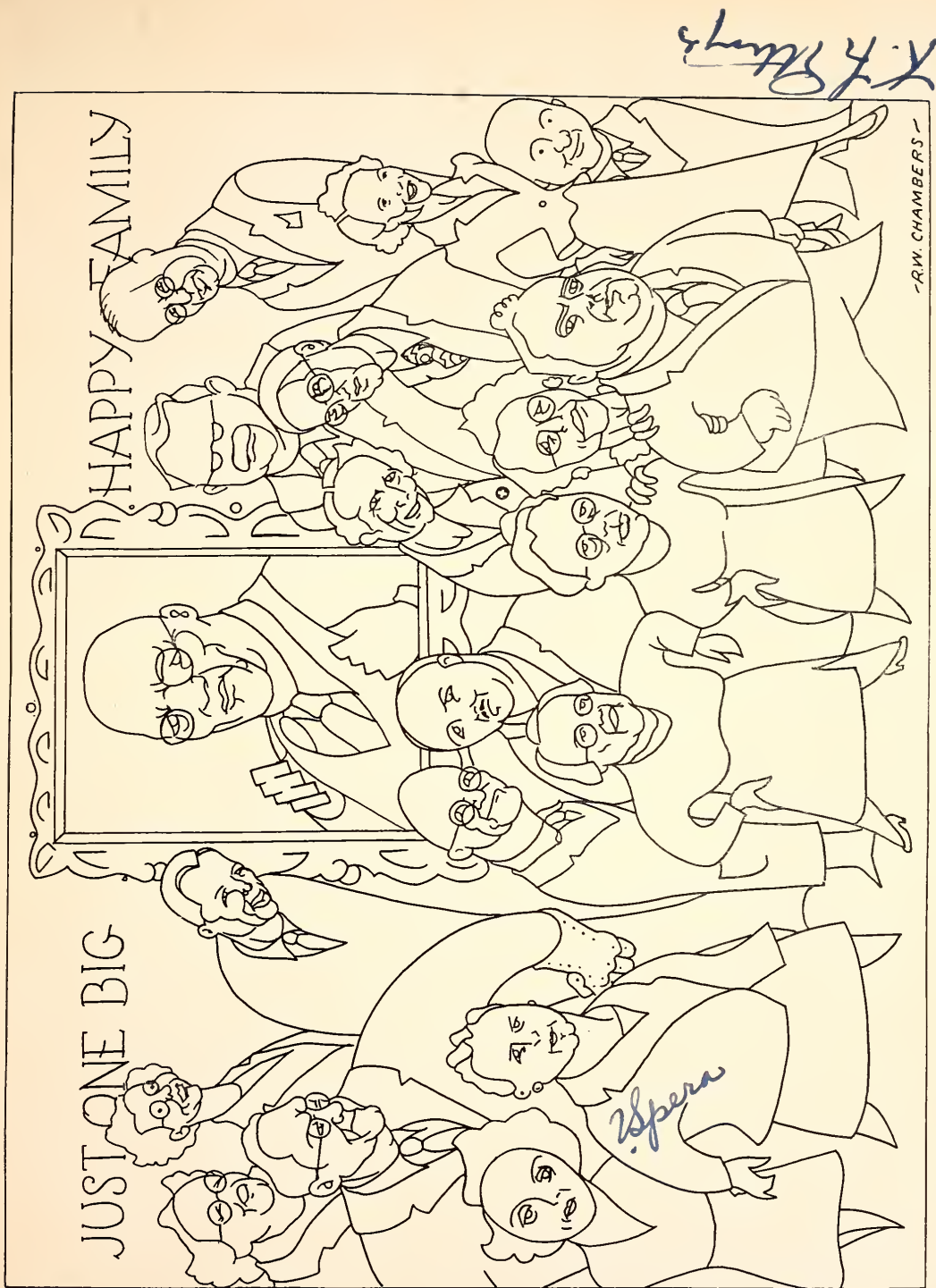
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EDITORIALS

IS WESTDALE SLIPPING?

Westdale slipping? Many will be shocked at the mere thought. Others, wiser and a little more cynical, will look knowing. Some may even laugh.

Westdale the good, Westdale the mighty, Westdale the invincible! Personally I was raised on a myth of Westdale superiority almost as strong as the worship of many people for the Toronto Maple Leafs in hockey. It seems I was almost weaned on tales of Westdale, the school that never lost a battle and never won a war.

But nearly all of us, growing older and a little more experienced, submit to the temptation to long for the "good old days". How easy it is to say that the present generation is sissy stuff compared with the Westdale heroes who really made the school famous. I know some people in the school who are strongly convinced that the old school will never be the same again. And I often wonder just how right they are . . .

In the first place, however, we can't prove anything about the ancient glory of the school without accurate comparison of individual performances and of the general mood of the school. This is not easy, though, for there are few people around to tell us of the school days of ten and fifteen years ago, and even their memories are necessarily coloured by the things that have happened since then; nostalgia is so much sweeter than reality. (Our only historians, moreover, are the teachers, who seem much less interested in spinning tales of war and glory for dear old alma mater than they are in making sure their charges can recite to-morrow's lesson). In short, there is no sure way of comparing the school now with the school of ten years ago, which, strange as it seems, is before the time of even the Honorable Sam Gardner, Esq. Thumbing through the records, for instance, may tell us who won the Senior Rugby Championship in 1936, but figures can't describe the tension of frenzied fans in the stadium. But just

at a guess I'd say that things weren't a heck of a lot different from the same scene to-day.

For it is people, after all, who make the school, and people, by and large, don't change much within fifteen years; people only think they do. When first we enter Westdale, clear-faced specimens from public school, we look with awe at the famous veterans—football stars and school politicians. Our innocence, in most cases, is short lived. Daily sight of halfbacks, of sprinters, of buglers, and of Triune presidents shows us that they're only humans, subject to the same limits as we are. Soon they're just "Harry", "Gunder", "Bob", or just plain "Doc" to us. This familiarity with school figures isn't a bad thing, but the next step is worse. When things go wrong, and we don't find what we expect in the school, it is too easy to blame such things on "the decline of Westdale". We complain loudly: "Where are the real old heroes, the guts-and-thunder boys of my first-form days? All this year's big shots are just punks. Why aren't there any men like the Kirkonnells any more? Or like Al Yeates and Jack Cox and Bud Lapp? Westdale IS slipping!"

Yet really this fading of early idols is merely the result of our growing a little older ourselves, and of seeing the present incumbents with their worries and minus their halos. The heroes of old haven't really vanished, and they won't unless we of the rising generation fail our followers by letting ourselves go to waste. Any one who can't find happiness in the school just refuses to be happy, because happiness is a power within ourselves. When we complain that there's nothing left in the old school any more, we merely forget that WE are becoming the heroes of Westdale. The administration may be better, or it may be worse; no one can say for sure. One thing we know is that colour and originality are still the ticket to fame, and the price of achievement is effort. Westdale is not slipping. WE are Westdale.

—D.J.G.

THANKS, EVERYBODY

When students receive this year's "Le Raconteur" they see only a sheaf of shiny paper bound with paste. They see very little in this new plaything of the toil and heartache—and heartburn!—of carrying the burden of "Le Raconteur" through the school year, increasing it in size like a man with a snowball.

But this was a huge task, and accordingly we, the editors, extend hearty thanks not only to the labourers on the staff proper—many of whom stepped into a wider breach when our teachers were called from their side by an occupational hazard—but the teachers themselves, who gave the magazine a start that it couldn't have done without. Special mention goes to Miss Margery Dixon, one-time sponsor of the advertising staff,

and Mr. Dunkin, our erstwhile business manager.

Moreover, bouquets are due to the foot-weary students of the ad staff, whose picture appears further on, and to all contributors of literary material. We thank also Agro Bros. Fruit Co. for donation of the Literary Contest prizes, as well as a contributor who asked to remain anonymous.

As well, we vote a BIG thank-you to Mr. Grant of Westdale, who volunteered to replace Mr. Dunkin when the latter was forced to retire.

Finally, we wish to thank the entire student body for its support and its co-operation and we hope that "Le Raconteur of '48" will bring as much pleasure, though not as much worry, to its readers as it has to its editors.

J.E.C. and J.E.B.



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TRIUNE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

When you, the students of Westdale, receive your copies of the 1948 "Le Raconteur", the school year will be rapidly drawing to a close. To those of us who have thoughts of leaving, there will be a feeling of sadness in knowing that some of the friendships which we have formed and the many good times which we have had during, and after, school hours, may be lost to us for ever. To those students who have from one to four more years at this big school of ours; I say, take advantage of every moment you spend here. Within this building, education has a two-fold purpose.

By two-fold, I mean the practical side of education and the extra-curricular activities. As far as the practical side of education is concerned, we have as fine a teaching staff as can be found anywhere. With respect to extra-curricular activities, we have many organizations from which it is possible to gain numerous benefits. A list of the various clubs and organizations in this school would take too much space to print here. However, if you are to gain any advantages from these after school activities, you must participate in, and support, them to the utmost. The student who goes

to school from nine to four and does not take part in any of the clubs or organizations is missing a very important part of a liberal education.

This year I felt that the support of school activities by the students showed a marked increase. From the beginning of the year, the great interest taken in the election of your Triune Executive, of which only two were voted in by acclamation, showed this increased support. As for the thirteen members of the Triune, their support and interest in the affairs of the school was very heartening. We all tried, and I believe, with some success, to give to you a varied programme of activities which for the most part were well received.

In closing I would like to thank all those who helped myself and the other members of the executive in various projects which were undertaken. A special note of thanks goes to Mr. Alexander, Mr. Bell, Mr. Chapman and Mr. Noad, our advisors, who due to circumstances were unable to carry on after Christmas.

Good luck and every success to the Student Council of 1948-1949!

—JOHN LIVINGSTON

OUR "TRIUNE SHOW"

This is the story of the Triune show
That's put on yearly for high and low.
We sure appreciate the job
Presented—with no intent to rob.

The lights were dimmed
The crowd went wild,
When Sam stepped out
He looked quite mild.

And with a smile upon his face
He started off the play
With two black negroes to set the pace,
Comedians of the day.

Then came a jazzband of high degree
And John who quoted Sam McGee.
(A gold miner from Tennessee.)
Who needed a spittoon or three.

Al Jolson made his famous bows
To accompaniment of loud applause.
Fred Daines on his accordion played
A singing, throbbing, serenade.

Of course we had two little skits
About a boxer and his mitts.
"Moonglow" was sung by the synocopaters
That—to you—is "on-the-beat-haters."

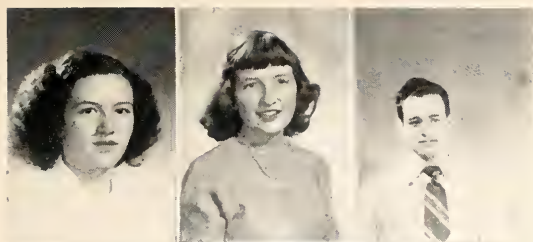
Elford tapped and Doreen sang
Until the walls of Westdale rang.
Oh! for the joys of the "Triune show"
To chase away each blue and woe.

—DIANE COLLIER 10H (127)

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS



GRADUATES



ISABEL AIKENS

Isabel is cheerful,
She always wears a smile,
I wonder why she comes to school,
And WALKS the first half mile?

LEIGH ARRELL

Leigh's sense of humour and charming manner have won for her a great number of friends. Next year she's off to Western (and George?).

WILLIAM BAIN

Nickname—"Boogie". Pastime—Farmer. Ambition—Owner of the winery. Probable destination—Stomping grapes in the bathtub.



EILEEN BAKER

Ambition—Graduation from Westdale. Destination—Ten Year Club. With her enthusiasm for skating and basketball, Eileen is sure of a happy, though somewhat bruised life.

GRACE BAXTER

Pet saying—Boy, am I mad! Ambition—To stay up north forever! Destination—South America in search of a mink coat.

DAVE BEASLEY

Ambition—Very little. Destination—Mixing bromos at Green's. Nickname—"Beetle". Pet Aversion—Tall women. Greatest achievement—Breathing.



SUE BECKETT

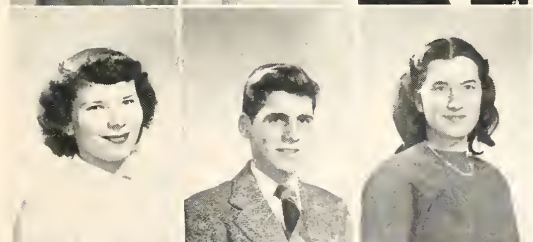
"Susie" spent this year escaping the truant officer and school phone calls to her home. Next year she has hopes of tracking westward.

HELEN BELL

Past—Ron. Present—Ron. Future—Ron (?). No wonder she's on the "Edge" of a nervous breakdown. Next year it is Mac and more Ron.

BILL BERINGHAM

"GOOD LUCK."



ANNE BERTA

Past—George and Russ. Present—Mike D. Future—Who knows? Pet Saying—"He's a dream." Ambition—Secretary. Probable Destination—Marrying a millionaire. Pastime—Gabbng with Marge before school.

JAMES BETHUNE

Mr. Ettinger's favourite English student has a heart of gold and a head of concrete. He's destined for medicine somewhere, sometime. Best of luck, Red!

JOYCE BINGLEMAN

Joyce has made many friends at Westdale through sports, magazine work, and other activities too numerous to mention. Best of luck, Joyce, wherever you go!



GEORGE BINNIE

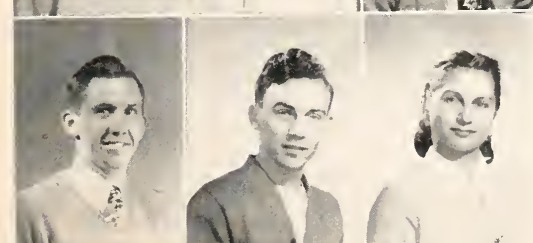
George's future is anybody's guess, but wherever he goes and whatever he does we are sure he'll be successful and we all wish him the very best.

LORRAINE BLYTHE

Lorraine and Bob are pals, you know, Instead of tramping through the snow, They sit at home—he helps her do, Her shorthand and her spelling too.

WALT BOHAYCHUCK

Ambition—Psychiatrist. Probable Destination—A Patient. Favourite Pastime—Psycho-analysis. Pet Aversion—Being psycho-analyzed. Favourite Saying—Ugha boo boo.



GEORGE BOOTLAND

George is a tall gentleman of renown, Playing basketball for Dundas Town, His future—undecided. His ambition—none. He will probably dig graves in dear Hamilton.

FRED BOOTH

Past—Evelyn, a redhead. Present—Available. Future—Still available. Ambition—Mechanical engineer. Probable destination—Cleaning stokers for Goodrams. Pet aversion—"The New Look".

NADIA BOSHUCK

Nadia's present ambition is to escape the heavenly halls of Westdale. Her future plans are vague, but our best wishes follow her into whatever field she enters.

NEIL BOURNE

Pastime—Manager of track team. Pet saying—"How can you be so stupid?" Pet aversion—Breaking test tubes. Probable destination—Taxidermist.

GEORGINA EOWMAN

From Central came this gal
And now she's everybody's pal.
She wears a big grin on her face,
And leads Art a merry pace.

HILDA BRABBS

Theme song—"I'm just wild about Harry." Pastimes—Scouting and Harry. Future—Scouting with Harry. Pet aversion—Off-colour jokes.

FRANK BREWER

Past—Margie. Present—Gloria. Future—Gloria (he hopes). Ambition—Getting a car and Gloria. Probable destination—Fixing father's radio.

BARBARA BROWN

Eyes—Brown. Hair—Curly. Ambition—To go West again. Future—To be a secretary for a handsome doctor.

LUCY BROWN

Lucy is quite small 'tis true,
With hair of brown, and the will to do.
It seems Lucy's chief ambition
Is to be a Lab. Technician.

BEVERLY BUCKLEY

"Bunky's" talents are many and varied: Cheerleader, Triune, Mag-Staff, Dramatics and Engineers! Her crazy humour and wonderful personality will win her friends wherever she goes.

CAMERON BUTTRIM

Nickname—"Butt" or "Cam". Favourite saying—(unprintable). Favourite pastime—Day-dreaming in class. Ambition—Mechanical draftsman. Probable destination—Working at Eordens.

DORIS EYRNE

Skiing and riding are Doris' hobbies, but she also finds time to be our petite cheer leading captain. Next year she's off to Western University.

HELEN CARY

This active little miss might end up as a homebody. In that case, her culinary exploits would undoubtedly be confined to whatever Kitchenette!

HELEN CATER

Favourite saying—"Oh, isn't he cute." Pet aversion—Being called Shorty. Favourite pastime—Forty Two Club in Dundas. (Wonder why).

BOB CHAMBERS

Ambition—To draw like Lester Gooch. Probable destination—Owning an apple stand. Favourite saying—Quote () unquote. Past—(?). Present—Marie. Future(?)

MARGARET CHARTER

Margaret comes from Simcoe,
She's just a little girl
But her personality,
Is valued like a pearl. (By whom?)

ROLAND CHIORAT

Nickname—"Swing Low". Pastime—Practising pool shots in Drafting Room. Ambition—Mechanical Draftsman. Probable destination—Tracer. Ron's always looking for a date but doesn't seem to get one—he's shy.

MARY CHRYSLER

Mary Chrysler—who for the sake of sewing, left her home town, Norwich (don't ask where it is!) to come to Westdale's bright lights. Future—Sewing teacher.

RICHARD CLARK

Favourite song—"You can't go to Heaven". Pet aversion—Starting school at nine. Ambition—Chartered accountant. Probable destination—Teaching bookkeeping to Mr. Chapman.

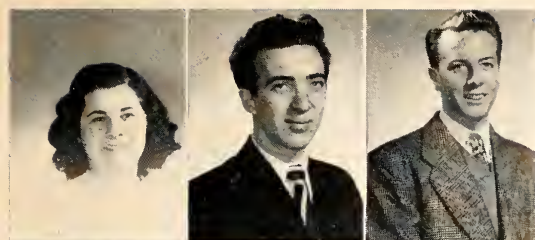
JANE COLEMAN

"Janie", our beautiful editor, is so busy between running the magazine and Manson's that she has little time to think about her ambition as a dental nurse.

MURIEL COLLIER

A small blonde who intends to study Maths at Mac, although her real aim is to sing bass in the McMaster Glee Club.





VERONICA COLOTEL

Pastime—Supply snacks for 12.F. Pet saying—Holy Cow! Ambition—Private secretary. Probable destination—Writing a novel from boss' private notes. Pet aversion—Writing letters for the Tribune. Theme song—NUTcracker Suite.

DON COOPER

First semester played pool and fought for Melrose. Second semester played pool and fought for Evelyn. He's got her, now he only plays pool.

GIL COOPER

Favourite saying—"I'm not fickle," (usually that is). Pet aversion—Dull week-ends. Ambition—Teacher or contractor. Probable destination—Teaching his kids to build doll houses.



JOAN COSTER

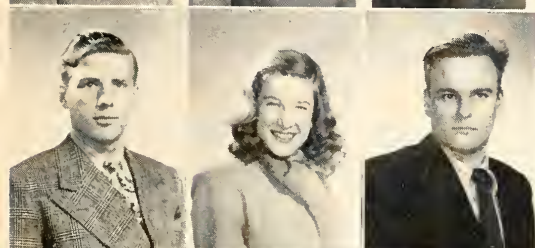
With hair of gold and eyes of blue,
(Of course, you know this isn't true),
The "Doctor" flits from Trig, to track
And now expects to trek to "Mac".

JOAN CROCKER

A tall blond girl you see,
Who wants her librarian's degree,
She studies science with a vim,
But her chief interest is Jim.

DOROTHY CROWE

There is a young girl named Crowe
Who has a tall good-looking beau,
Next year in the fall,
She's off to "Mac" Hall
Where she'll learn how to cook and to sew.



SAMUEL CRYER

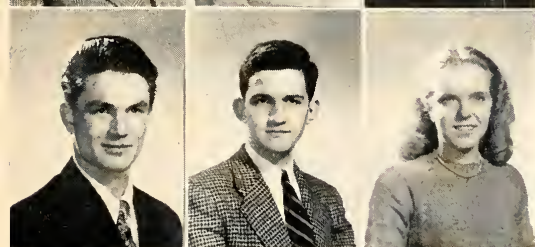
Ambition—Metallurgist. Probable Destination—Collecting scrap iron. Pastime—Super salesman for Mammy's Bread. Favourite expression—"That's why I'm rolling in the dough." Pet aversion—French.

SHIRLEY CUNNINGHAM

Always on the go especially when Ray is around. Hobby—Singing (beautifully). Ambition—Journalist. Probable Destination—Selling "Parfum de Raymond". Best of luck, Cunn!

JAMES CURRIE

Nickname—"Jas". Favourite Pastime—Pocketbooks. Favourite Saying—"Sir, I don't memorize things." Ambition—None. Probable destination—Pin-boy at Central.



STEVE DALLOS

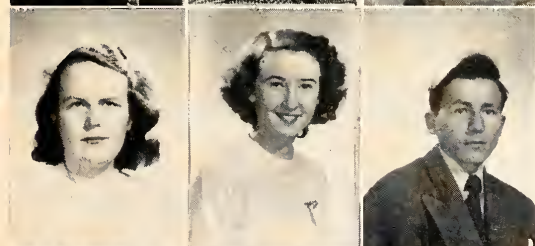
Past—Shady. Present—Barton and James Street Romeo. Ambition—To be able to roller-skate without falling. Probable Destination—Cleaning rental roller skates at the "Alex". Favourite expression—"Wanna bet?"

NORMAN DALLEY

GOOD LUCK!

DOLORES DAVEY

From the residential section of Dundas. During afternoons is the mainspring of Jones' Bakery. ("Stale Cakes to Throw at Your Husband"). What about Friday and Saturday nights?



ELEANOR DAVIS

She is kept very busy with basketball, Mag meetings and those "private" German tutoring lessons. Aim—Secretary to a travelling diplomat but destination is McMaster.

EVELYN DEMMANS

Pastime—Going to shows. Pet aversion—Bookkeeping. Ambition—Receptionist. Probable destination—Head janitress at Barton Street Jail. Pet Saying—"And what's wrong with Ancaster?"

ROBERT DOBOS

Character—Qualities of Einstein, lung power equal to Mr. Gibbanks, has no faith in Euclid's theories, and uses a hammer and dull chisel to split his atoms. Pet saying—"Just as I had previously anticipated." Nickname—"Gaylord".



BRUCE EATON

Nickname—Golden Boy. Ambition—Master motor mechanic. Probable destination—Floor sweeper in Carlisle garage. Favourite saying—"Hey, Finley, look at that lovely one." (a car of course).

RON EDGE

Handsome man-about-Westdale. He's sure to go a long way in his chosen vocation. Good luck, Ron!

RON ELLIS

Ron's friendly personality and superb piano playing has made him popular around Westdale, especially with a particular blonde from Port Nelson. Next year, U. of T.

KEITH ELLIOTT

Nickname—"Doc". Ambition—Lab. Technician. Probable destination—Successor to Joe Krol. Pet Aversion—Women. Pastime—Good books. Best of luck, "Doc".

ANN ELTON

The active vice-president of the Dramtic Club—her genuine friendliness snuggles up to win and hold everyone's heart. Next year it's McMaster. Good luck, "Annie".

DOUG EMBLETON

Ambition—None. Favourite expression—"Top o' the mornin' to ye." Pet aversion—Answering chemistry questions. Probable destination—Working on the farm.

VIVIAN EVENDEN

Vivian has a shining career ahead of her polishing thermometers at Windsor Nursing School. The girls' choir will lose a very capable president and contralto.

CARMELIN FARRANTO

"GOOD LUCK"

MARILYN FERGUSON

"Fergie's" the lass with the delicate air, Bright blue eyes, light brown hair; An historian's her aim in life. She'll likely become "The Bishop's Wife"!

GORDON FIFER

Nickname—"Ernie". Pet aversion—Being called Ernie. Favourite song—"If I only had a match" (and a cigarette too). Ambition—World traveller. Probable destination—Riding with the French Foreign Legion.

BILL FINLEY

Past—Munchy Crunchy. Present—Marilyn Dye. Future—He changes women so fast that it is unpredictable at this time. Ambition—To pass in Math. Favourite expression—"Who's got their trig done."

BETTY FIRTH

Pastime—Being 12-F's class rep. Present—Planning class parties. Future—Planning a class reunion for 1980. Ambition—Uncertain. Probable destination—Trying to sell her old bus transfers.

DENNIS FLEMING

A very popular Westdale athlete, having dabbled in football, basketball and track for the last three years. His cheery smile and disposition has won him many friends. (girls, "two").

MARGARET POSTER

Nickname—Fossy. Ambition—Psychology at Toronto. Probable destination—Reading Rudy's mind. Pastime—Waiting at Longwood and Aberdeen. Pet aversion—Rainy weather, straight hair.

DUD FREEMAN

Dud is keenly interested in politics, a writer for the Teens paper, a first-rate chess player and is destined to a lawyer's career.

WALLY FUKUMOTO

Pastime—Paying for 12-F's class parties. Ambition—Exporter. Probable destination—Exporter. Pet saying—"Are you going, Hey?" Pet aversion—Stenography.

JAMES (SAMMY) GARDNER

Known by everyone, Sammy is famous for his joking manner and low marks. Sam's ambition is to graduate. We all hope he succeeds before the turn of the century.

HAROLD GARRETT

Favourite saying—"I don't get it." Pet peeve—Going to the east end "Y" on Saturday nights. Ambition—Salesman. Probable destination—Trying to sell the Department of Education the idea of passing him year after year.

LORRAINE GILLIES

Some employer is going to be very lucky having "Lorry" working for him, as she is really very talented with her "Art" for typing, etc.!

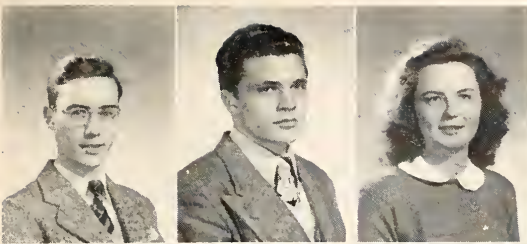
MARGARET GILMOUR

Marg is in 13-B, but her heart is out at Mac. Her pastime is knitting for Bob. Marg's not sure what she'll do next year—probably knit for Bob!

NORMA GILMOUR

After a brief stay of six years, the girl with the Dundas pin is off for a four-year sojourn in a Chem. course at Mac.





KEITH GOODFELLOW

Favourite pastime—Bumming cigarettes and thinking up weird phrases of profanity. Ambition—Law School. Probable destination—Taking a course in Theology at Mac.

IZYDOR GORCHINSKY

Nickname—"Hey You." Pet Saying—"Hey, Shmoe. Ambition—Radio technician. Probable destination—Playing juke box in Paddy's.

ISABELLE GRANT

Pastime—Knocking Buddy's books on the floor. She intends to study journalism at Western and practises by interviewing Donald Wolfitt, James Masen and other visiting celebrities.



DAVE GURNETT

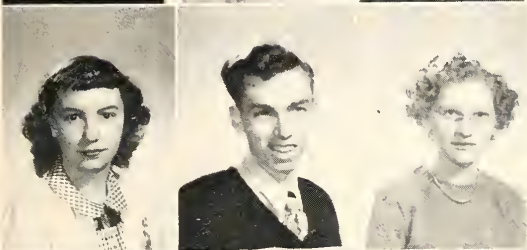
Nickname—Salt. Ambition—To go to California. Probable Destination—Outskirts of Ancaster. Pastime—Talking with Joan.

CATHARINE HADDOW

Cathy is the blight in every teacher's life. Favourite expression—"Got any gum?" Noted achievement—Keeping quiet for five minutes. Ambition—Occupational therapist. Destination—Who knows?

GORDON HAIGHT

Another famous Westdale athlete. Gord's big interests are track and field. He brought honour to himself and Hamilton by being chosen as Canada's outstanding junior athlete for 1947. Good luck in all your efforts, Gord.



MARGARET HALL

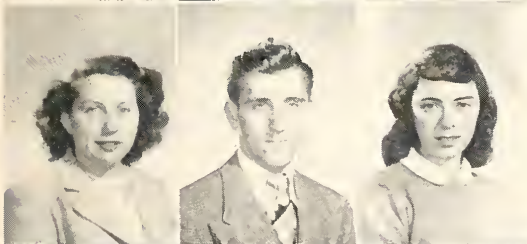
After four years of Collegiate, Marg came to Special Commercial. Ambition—Bookkeeper. Probable Destination—Typist. Best of luck, Marg.

GORDON HAMMOND

GOOD LUCK.

LOIS HARPER

Lois's most noted joke-teller. Although she plans on occupational therapy career, we suspect a future in either "Can you top this!" or "Homemaking with——?"



JANET HARRIS

Even school can be gay when "Jenny" is around. She is the girl who plays badminton, and tries periodically, to blow up the chemistry lab.

DON HENRY

Past—Lily. Present—Lilly. Future—Probably Lilly. Pet saying—"Hello there, Sam."

RUTH HERMAN

Nickname—"Herm". Favourite expression—"How many more days till Friday?" Hobby—Doodling. Aversion—Pin stripes. Haunt—Toronto. Future—Child psychologist. Probable destination—Psychoneurotic.



TERRY HORNE

Terry's pastime besides Pat is oil painting. He hopes to succeed in Sales Advertising. May scrub billboards, who knows?

JAMES HOYLE

Nickname—"Rosy". Past—Red. Present—June. Future—June. Ambition—Joining army to see the world. Probable destination—Mopping floors at trade school.

MIKE HREHA

Ambition—Football star. Probable destination—Second string waterboy. Favourite pastime—Beating up old ladies. Pet aversion—Women.



BARBARA HUMPHREY

Barb comes from Lynden but this year she is slumming in Special Commercial. Next year she hopes to be a secretary in Brantford.

TOM HUTCHINGS

Nickname—Hutch. Pet aversion—No basketball. Pastime—Helping classmates with problems. Ambition—Businessman. Probable destination—Chairman of Board of Education. Good luck, Tom.

WILLIAM HUXLEY

GOOD LUCK!

HELEN HVOZDA

Pet saying—"That's my football team." Past—Ross. Present—Ross. Future—Guess. Ambition—Private Secretary. Probable destination—Referee at local wrestling matches.

MICHIKO ISHII

Midge is a gal who has lots to say,
Even so, her marks are all grade A,
She's always willing, with jokes over-spilling,
The kind of friend I'd choose any day.

TYE IWASAKI

Tye's one aim to get that guy,
Leap Year's here, don't let it by.
In typing she can rate it high,
But are you a whiz in shorthand, Tye?

MARILYN JACOBSEN

Nickname—"Blue Eyes". Pastime—Canteen. Ambition—Secretary. Probable destination—Clerking at Zeller's. Pet aversion—Cats.

ROBERT JACQUES

Past—Westinghouse dump. Present—Tool crib operator. Ambition—Radio technician. Probable destination—Pumping oxygen in some east end plant.

RUTH JAFFREY

Is it the bus or Dusty that causes Ruth's frequent lateness?
She intends to be a veterinarian but will probably drive horses around the race-track.

DEANNE JANETT

Deanne has musical talents, is a lover of the classics, has gained prominence as a pianist and seems headed for a career in this field.

NANCY JOHNSTONE

Here's to Nancy, she's true blue,
And argues with Bruce through and through
But she's full of pop, snap and crackle!
Not leaving out her famous cackle.

DOREEN KAM

Favourite expression—"Forgot to do it." Pet aversion—Quiet people. Haunt—Conservatory. Hobby—Music. Past—Music. Future—Music. Desired destination—Musician. Probable destination—Housewife.

ARLENE KELLY

Ambition—Receptionist. Probable destination—Admitting dogs to city pound. Pet Song—"I Love Hugh Truly". Pet saying—"Why shore." Noted achievement—Touring Westdale on the Longwood Road bus.

DEVY KERN

Past—Spectator paper boy. Present—Straw boss of 12-L. Future—Glorified grease monkey. Ambition—To hit a crow at 25 feet. Probable destination—Missing the birds in two-bit shooting galleries.

RICHARD KILBURN

Dick, an import from Hillfield, has graced Westdale's halls for the past two years, dividing his time between acting and writing "Love(r)ing" letters.

BILL KIRKPATRICK

Nickname—"Kirk". Ambition—Automotive engineer. Probable destination—Constructing soap-box racers. Pet aversion—Bashful women. Pastime—Driving with one hand.

GORDON KITCHEN

Gord has been with us only three years, coming from Brantford C.I. and foreign lands. He has made many friends and helped win two basketball championships. We wish him fortune in the future.

MARY ANN KOSTONIUK

Favourite saying—"I'm going to paint it brighter this time, Ruth." Past—(?). Present—Fourth year art. Future—Running a hot-dog stand in Simcoe.

OLGA KOSTONIUK

Pastime—Dancing at the Alexandra. Ambition—Private secretary. Probable destination—Her ambition. Pet saying—"Sure, you can borrow my bookkeeping." Best of luck, Olga.

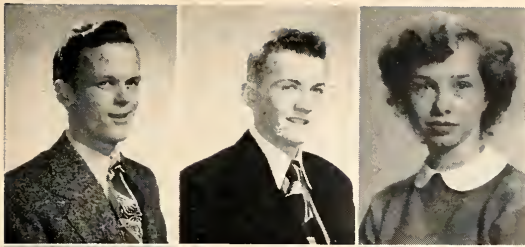
MARY KOYANAGI

Past—Vancouver B.C. Present—Westdale Secondary School. Ambition—Electrical business. Future—Truck driver for H.E.P.C. Pet saying—"You talk too much."

JOAN LAMBIER

Joan has hopes of becoming a teacher in Mathematics, no less. This girl has a bright future we predict. Westdale's loss is Queen's gain.





DONALD LATTA

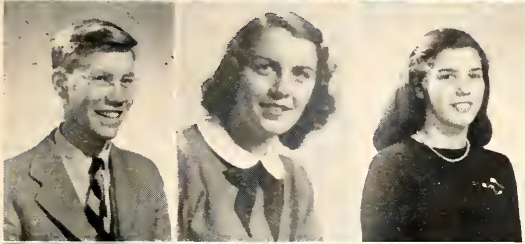
Past—Vivian. Present—Vivian. Future—(?). Ambition—Work in stock room of Hamilton Motor Products. Probable destination—Tool crib boy at night school.

KEN LAVERY

A talented and popular member of the Hone tribe. His flaming red hair and cheerful manner will win him friends wherever he goes. Good luck, Ken!

MARGARET LEAKE

After spending two years yawning through History, Marg has come through with flying colours and plans to attend U.T. in the fall. Aw, poor kid!



GORDON LENNARD

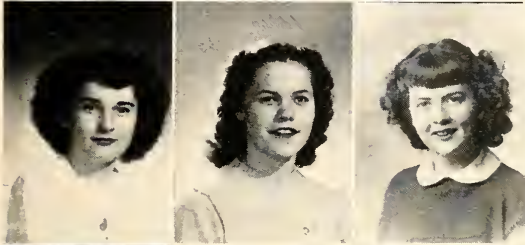
Handsome lad who thinks he can play a hot sax. Pastime—Sax and Bubbles. Ambition—Business executive. Destination—Going to Western to keep his eye on Beth "Bubbles" M.

DORIS LLOYD

The wicked gleam in her eye speaks for Doris' many mysterious half-days off throughout this year. We know she'll do "real swell like" in her occupation o'er the prairies.

JOYCE LUMSDEN

That captivating smile of Joyce's has won many a friend at Westdale, but the ma(1)n one is a real treasure(r). She's off to McGill next year.



MARY LUSAK

Pet aversion—Redheads. Ambition—Doctor's secretary. Probable destination—Taking dictation from witch-doctors on the Congo. Pastime—Nicknaming unknown persons. Future—Who knows?

BETTY MacLEOD

Nickname—"Mousie". Pet aversion—Men. Pastime—Men and skiing. Most noted achievement—Walking up Chedoke on skis. Theme song—Oh, I float through the air . . .

SUSANNE MacMURRAY

Nickname—"Susie". Ambition—Nurse. Probable destination—Milking cows at Ancaster. Pet aversion—Riding buses. Most noted achievement—When and if she gets her Grade XII French.



ANNE MANCHUCK

Pet aversion—Men who TRY to imitate movie romecs. Ambition—Bookkeeper. Probable destination—Counting pennies in hubby's pockets. Future—Catching a male with millions.

DOREEN MANDAR

Nickname—"Dark Eyes". Pastime—Chasing Silver. Present—Fighting with George. Future—Old maid. Ambition—Buyer. Probable destination—Bottling olives in a pickle factory.

BILL MARKLE

Pastime—Doodling with Bob Chambers mural. Famous Westdale athlete. Probable destination—Movie star.



BETTY MARSHALL

She's the "sweet" sixteen in 13-C. Betty likes to sew and we hear she's been doing quite a bit of Bak—ing lately too!

RUDY MARTH

Better known as "Hot-Lips Herbert", currently playing fifth trumpet in Sikorski's ALL-STRING orchestra. Ambition—Engineering. Probable destination—Engineering Marg into marriage.

SHIRLEY McCABE

Ambition—Basketball star. Probable destination—Honorary bench-warmer. Favourite pastime—Getting late slips. Pet aversion—Bcssy people. Favourite saying—"Don't rush me, I'll get there . . ."



JAMES McCULLOCH

Muck's prize ambition is to be an officer of the R. C. Signals. In spite of the rising cost of cigarettes, he'll doubtless be a success.

MARG McCULLOUGH

Marg has hair and eyes of brown, Her interests lie in a neighbouring town. A dietitian she says she'll be, But we think she'll cook for Hugh-ie.

DOUGLAS McDONALD

Past—Refugee from Tech Matric. Present—Under guardianship of 12-K—drafting. Ambition—To get to school before 9 o'clock. Future—Success! One minute minute to nine. Favourite saying—"Swing low, lend me your Math." Nickname—"Mickey".

AILEEN McFADGEN

Ambition—Secretary to handsome man. Probable destination—Scrubbing floors. Favourite song—"My Buddy". Pet aversion—Waiting for Barb. Pastime—Learning the gentle "arts". Pet saying—"I'm bored."

MARION R. McKAY

Our "Speedy", as her name implies, Is quick and fast, and oh so wise! But when it comes to knitting mittens, She only thinks of KITtens mittens.

CLARK McLEAN

Who is the laddie with the curly hair, Who will go camping anywhere, Who is so strong as to blow over a feather, Why it's "Gus" McLean from the land of the heather.

MARY McMULLEN

This tactful redhead sometimes embarrasses all concerned with a slip of the tongue but we all wish her the best.

HARRIS McPHAIL

Tall, dark and handsome describes this staunch member of the senior football team. Favourite pastime—Watching skating carnival. Future (he hopes)—Royal Military College.

WILLIAM MILNE

Nickname—"Mullens". Pet expressions—"Don't argue, I'm right, you're wrong!" Pastime—Leaving in middle of Trig classes. Present—Dawn Patrol. Ambition—To be 6 feet tall.

WILLIAM MITCHELL

Typical minister's son. Member of Seven Year Club, but he spent six at Dundas (thank goodness). Always looking for a date at the last moment.

ANNE MOFFAT

GOOD LUCK!

JIM NEEDHAM

Jim Needham—the tall, lanky and handsome boy of 12-L. Past—Farmer. Present—Student of Westdale. Future—Screwing sparkplugs in cars at Studebaker assembly line.

ELEANOR MORGAN

Past—U. of T. Present—Mac. Future—Western? Next year Eleanor's headed for Occupational Therapy at Toronto. We're sure she'll make out Alright.

MARGARET MORRISON

Is a terrific blonde, a new and welcome addition to our drab halls, a regular (Canteen) attender with a certain well-known athlete.

LAWRENCE MOTHERSELL

Commonly known as "Lover Boy". Ambition—Teacher. Favourite expression—"Lights out, please." (Cameron's House). Probable destination—Digging ditches to support his ten kids.

BETH MURGATROYD

Nickname—"Murg". Past—Jim. Present—Gord. Future—(?). Ambition—Medicine. Pet aversion—Being at school on time. Pastime—Dreaming about a certain sax player.

JOYCE MOORE

The Kid with Personality. Favourite saying—"Kids I have to go to the dentist again this afternoon." Destination—Work in Detroit. Probable destination—Working at Zeller's.

ROY NISHIHAWA

This bright student spends most of his spare time doing homework. Ambition—Scientific research. Probable destination—Filling toothpaste tubes for Colgates. Pet aversion—Tall women.

ALICE ANN PARKER

Between knitting, the Westdale canteen and diverse interests in the suburbs of Hamilton, this little girl is kept quite busy.

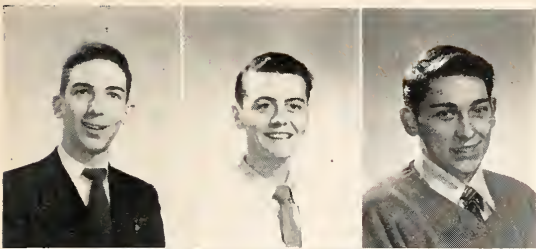
GWEN PARKER

Gwen came to 13-C from Loretto. She wants to be a Dramatics teacher. As a play director, she's "but" good, so we wish her luck.

JOAN PARSONS

The gal with the class. Favourite saying—"Now, what did you do last night?" Destination—Secretary. Probable destination—Married to some millionaire from Eatons.





NORM PATT

Pet saying—"Hutch, where is your Algebra?" Pastime—Checking Tom's Algebra. Ambition—To pass U.S. Algebra. (Trig, too.)

DONALD PATTERSON

Don hopes to enroll at old R.M.C. But will probably finish doing K.P. He spends some time playing at Zion And passes his French without even tryin'!

OWEN PATTERSON

Nickname—"Oak". Ambition—To make a million dollars on the stock market. Favourite saying—"City Service went up two points last night."



FRED PAWLUK

Favourite pastime—Milking cows. Pet saying—"Who has my homework?" Ambition—To be a technical-minded priest. Probable destination—Caretaker of a church.

ROBERT PEACOCK

Divides his time between McMaster social events and the "Le Raconteur's" photography.

GRETA PHILLIPS

Nickname—Greta Phillips. Ambition—To sing like Lena Horne. Probable destination—Singing torch songs to pigeons in Gore Park. Most noted achievement—Saving up one cent.



ANNE MARIE PICKFIELDER

This gal's summer was spent in a smoky haze, doing K.P. and her winter with Mr. Pitman (shorthand, that is). Her future is undecided, but anyway, good luck.

JACK PIKE

Favourite expression—"Now look here—Sam." Pet aversion—Disturbances in Miss Kerr's room. Ambition—Engineer. Probable destination—Painting window frames at Halliday's.

JENNIE PON

GOOD LUCK!

JOYCE POWELL

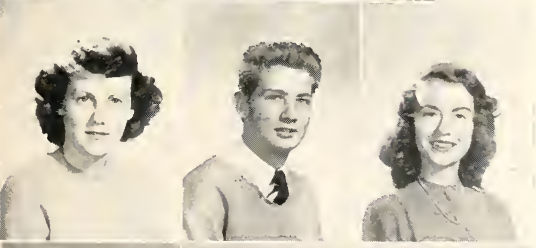
Nickname—"Mouse". Ambition—Private secretary. Probable destination—Housewife. Isn't that right, Bob?

JOHN RANDLE

Here is a lad whose most noted achievement is attending school for a week. John has visions of becoming a lawyer, but will probably end up wiping windshields at a garage.

NORMA RATHBUN

This shy little girl, who hails from Central, spent a quiet, restful year at Westdale. But it was fun, eh, Rattle?



BETTY RIDDELL

Nickname—"Speedy". Pastime—Week-ends in Toronto. Favourite saying—"Wow!" Ambition—Occupational Therapy at Toronto. Pet aversion—People who interrupt her when she's talking.

ROBERT REID

This lad's most noted achievement is a toss-up between learning to bowl (good score of 42) and arriving in New York full of pep!

VIOLET REID

Vim, Vigour, Vitality and Vi, Certain to catch any guy's eye, She hopes to leave Westdale this year If not, next year we'll see her here.



ELSIE RILEY

Nickname—"Mumbles". Destination—Secretary. Probable Destination—Riley's Hobby Service. Noted achievement—"Will"-ingly visiting Lynden. Favourite saying—"I can't do this, Mr. Chapman.

MARGARET RISELAY

Nickname—"Marg". Pet aversion—Hurrying. Ambition—Secretary. Probable destination—Private secretary of A.H.H. (Association of Hamilton Hobos). Theme song—"You are my Sun-BEAM."



JOHN ROBERTSON

"Johnny", with his amiable manner and devilish grin, is Waterdown's gift to Westdale women. An excellent sailor, he hopes to spend time in Toronto—sailing, that is!

JOHN ROBINSON

Red hair, green eyes and a BIG smile, his friends are as numerous as his jokes. He is an outstanding student, a superb athlete and a well-known play-boy.

IDA ROELOFSON

Nickname—"Baby Elephant". Pet aversion—Shorthand. Ambition—To adopt three sets of twins. Probable destination—Dishwasher in an orphanage. Pastime—Eating. Most noted achievement—Pitman Sixty.

BERNICE ROSENBLOOD

Pastime—Using Kleenex. Favourite saying—"Gee, I miss Syd." Ambition—Mrs. Syd Banks. General appearance—Inky. Nickname—"Bunny".

EDDIE ROSING

Eddie suffers from Monday morning blues. His past consists mainly of holidays in Montreal. His present is dubious. However, he still has aspirations. (U. of T.).

STAN ROUTSKY

Just an innocent big boy. Senior football star. Ambition—Recording engineer. Probable destination—Playing halfback for our gang.

GERALDINE SACKS

Gerry's motto might very easily be:
"Life is not longer if you hurry,
Life is not brighter if you worry."
Loads of luck, Gerry!

HELEN SAJEWICZ

GOOD LUCK!

STUART SALMOND

Ambition—To be a name band leader. Probable destination—Playing in the big city (Dundas). Favourite pastime—Talking about quitting school. Favourite saying—"I was sick, Miss Hamilton."

BRUNO SALVATORI

One of the mad machinists—president of the union. Favourite saying—"No, this is the way you do it." Favourite pastime—Boxing. He tries to play basketball too. Ambition—World's lightweight boxing champion. Probable destination—Wrestling instructor at Casa Romana.

JOHN CHARLES SAVCHUK

Nickname—"Casanova". Pet aversion—Playing around with other fellas girls. Pastime—Abstract art. Favourite haunt—Paddy's. Favourite expression—"Ya gotta play it smart."

BUDDY SCHMIDT

Nickname—"B. O. Schmidt". Pet aversion—Cleaning his glasses. Present—Joy of women; Aileen, in particular. Ambition—Journalist. Probable destination—Esquire copy-boy.

BERNARD SEGAL

A student. Better known as Bernie. Born and wishes to study business administration at Western, or form a new political party with Mr. Fee.

BERNARD SHERMAN

He is better known as Bongo (the ape). He is Central's thirteenth football player. He wants to study at Toronto at a university, or what's her name.

ART SHIMIZU

Art is deeply politically conscious and takes a keen interest in philosophy. He is an accomplished artist specializing in the semi-abstract field, and is headed for a dentist's career.

BRIAN SIMONS

Ambition—Chemical engineer. Probable destination—Assistant telegrapher for Canadian Pacific. Favourite expression—"For Pete's sake!" Pastime—Copying Tom's French vocabulary. Pet aversion—Alarm clocks.

DON SIMPSON

Dark hair, brown eyes and a BIG smile. His friends are as numerous as his jokes. He is an outstanding student, a superb athlete and a well-known play-boy.

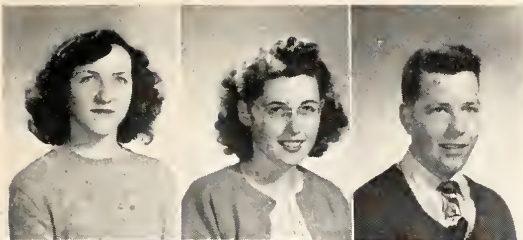
DOROTHY SMITH

Pet saying—"I'm through with men." (We wonder). Pet aversion—Short, fat men. Probable destination—Married to a mid-get. Pastime—Cheering, arranging dances, fashion council and writing letters. Who to?

GERALDINE SMITH

Gerry's a girl of great MENTAL capacity, Always a-bubbling with vim and vivacity; Next year she's bound for goodly St. Jo's, To spend her time scrubbing and . . .





GWYNETH SMITH

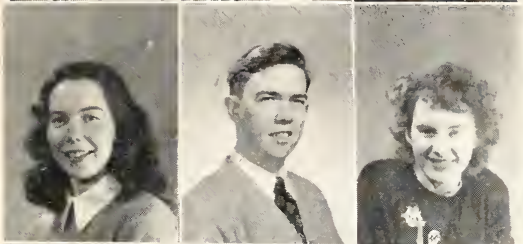
After sleeping through five years at Westdale, Ciggy informs us that she has no definite plans for the future. But maybe "son ami" has.

MARIE SMITH

Nickname—"Marlesy". Pet saying—"I'm in a rut." Pet aversion—Short, fat men. Ambition—To settle down with "someone". Probable destination—Hermit.

NEIL SMYTH

Past—Hydro Electric System. Present—Burlington dream boy. Ambition—To play basketball for New York Knickerbockers. Probable destination—Water-boy for the Burlington Stags. Favourite expression—"You oughta see the women in Burlington."



JEAN SOUTER

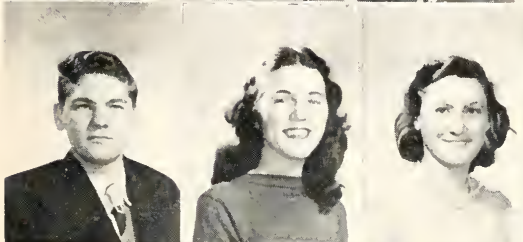
Ambition—Lab technician. Favourite haunt—Sitting in Renner's under a cloud of smoke. Present—Spending her time looking for a husband. (Clint, that is.)

LES SOUTER

This hulking brute's name would be mud
If we printed his nickname which is . . .
His future lies very clear before us
As he goes through life with Phillip Morris.

RUTHE SOUTER

Nickname—"Zoot". Past—Jimmie. Present—Jimmie. Future—Seventeen little Jimmies. Ambition—Philadelphia Art School. Probable destination—Chicken farm.



ROGER SPACK

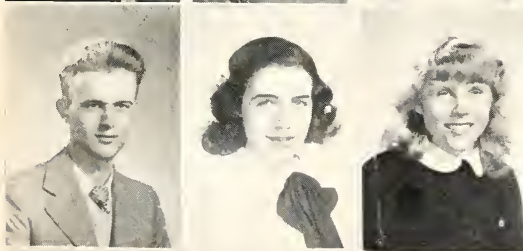
Ambition—Passing English in June. Probable destination—McMaster. Pastime—Coming to school at 9.01. Favourite song—Civilization. Favourite expression—"Eh?"

BETTY STANTON

Betty started the New Year right,
Receiving a ring from Lorne,
We know her future ought to be bright.
Spending her life with Lorne.

BARBARA STEWART

Nickname—"Stewey". Most noted achievement—Doing book-keeping homework. Pastime—Doodling. Pet saying—"You jerk!" Ambition—To see Brazil. Probable destination—Dundas.



ULRICH STRAHLENDORF

Ambition—Wearing horn-rim glasses and baggy suit at Chalk River. Probable destination—Mr. Damude's test-tube washer. Girl friend—Anyone who is that hard up.

CONNIE SULLIVAN

Nickname—"Sully". Ambition—Secretary. Probable destination—Keeping the books at "Bill's". Pet saying—"That will be two cents for a glass of water." Pastime—Receiving notes from an unknown admirer.

RUTH SUMMERLIN

Past—Renowned dancer. Present—Pianist. Future—Baby doctor. Hobbies—Sports, baking wonderful chocolate cakes for Ron. Summ's boundless energy and cheerfulness will bring her success.



BARBARA SYKES

Nickname—"Bee". Pet aversion—Short men. Ambition—To be a nurse. Probable destination—Renner's mainstay. Pastime—Trips home from Burlington in the wee, small hours.

HELEN TARLTON

She's the fizz in Bromo-Seltzer,
She's the kick in ginger-ale.
When her days at school are over
She'll turn some poor fellow pale!

GORDON THOMPSON

Gordon Thompson isn't bad,
Although his thoughts are slightly mad,
He surely will, if all goes well,
End up doing time in . . . Kingston!



PATRICIA TOWNS

Favourite saying—"Where is Moore, is she away again?" Destination—Secretarial work in an office. Probable destination—Night club singer at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe.

RICHARD TOWNSEND

Nickname—"Dixie, the Thinker". Pastime—Skiing, sailing and les femmes. Ambition—Olympics. Probable destination—Che-doke. Noted achievements—M-m-m . . . his parties!"

SHIRLEY UMETSU

Shirley's kept busy with her beaux,
She could be studious, says Tye, who knows,
In typing and shorthand is she a whiz!
And full of life and fun, eh kids?

MARGARET VERRALL

A saucy, auburn-haired miss who, in five years at Westdale, has excelled in sports and stating her opinion. (And school work, as a sideline!)

JAMES WALKER

"Watch where I'm going," are Jim's favourite words. His future has flown away with the birds, And beating a drum is his pet diversion, So Audrey beware of this undersized splurgeon.

ROBERT WALKER

Pet aversion—Short beds. Pastime—Trading sarcasms with Mr. Roberts. Ambition—Engineering at Queens next year. Best of luck, Bob.

BARBARA WARD

Formerly of Loretto, Delta and Central, has now found "the" school—Westdale! Noted for her discovery (in purely scientific research) that "Revlon lipstick DOES come off!"

SOPHIE WEINGARTNER

Nickname—"Sun". Most noted achievement—Having campaign speeches and singing pay off. Ambition—To see the world. Probable destination—Lecturing European youth on democracy.

MARIETTA WEISER

Some say Marietta, and others say Ricki, but whatever name she answers to, she's still 5'2" of charm and personality.

MARIE WHITE

Nickname—"Midge". Pet aversion—Speed tests. Pet saying—"Who put the varnish on the door-knob?" Pastime—Solving Joyce's problems. Ambition—Secretary. Probable destination—Editor of Lovelorn column.

BAYE WICKHAM

Four lines of verse can hardly express Our pride in this innocent, lovable mess, The editor told us this verse must be clean, So "Good Luck" to "Wick" as he leaves us for Queen's.

CAROL WILLIAMS

The charming possessor of the brightest smile and the deepest set of dimples this side of Timbuctoo intends to take Psychology at Toronto. Good luck!

RUTH WINDER

The man shortage means nothing to this gay personality. No definite aim in life yet—but with her personality It should be something special.

FRANCES WOODCROFT

GOOD LUCK!

ELSIE WOODWORTH

Pet aversion—Being short. Ambition—Private secretary. Probable destination—Filing clerk at Robinson's, or helping Evelyn. Pastime—Baby-sitting. Most noted achievement—Finding someone smaller than herself.

BEVERLY WOOLMER

Hedy Lamarr's beautiful hair and friendly smile should make the Frosh at Western sigh. Meanwhile, those vacant stares in Lit. keep us guessing—Science?—Well(s)—

RUTH WORTHINGTON

Her smile and charm Many people they alarm, For all the fun, she's right in line, Say—this little girl is really doing fine.

MIKE YEDNOROZ

"Torchy" has the honour of being the only goal-tender in the Interscholastic basketball of Hamilton.

FUIMI YOKAYAMA

If industry and intelligence are any indication, Fuimi should go far—possibly in the direction of McMaster University.

JOYCE YORK

This tiny miss hopes to be a secretary—and maybe marry the boss. We hope she's successful.

HARVEY KRUEGER

How "Harv" got at the bottom of the list we don't know, but we hope that some day he will get closer to the top.



SOCIAL

BEV BUCKLEY

SHIRLEY CUNNINGHAM

SWEATER HOP

The first whirl of dances for Westdale began with a Triune Hop on October 1st.

December 19th was the date of the "Christmas Dance." A large Christmas tree, loaded with silver tinsel, shining blue globes and soft blue lights, decorated the centre of the west wall. The backboards were covered with white bells and ever-green boughs. Unfortunately all these trimmings could not be seen because of the dark blue lights, but the lights were nice anyhow.

To celebrate the end of exams, a "Bunny Hop" was held by the Triune on March 25th. Something different was given to the winners of the novelty dances—attractive corsages of spring flowers to the girls and handsome record carriers to the boys.

WESTDALE'S BIG WEEK-END

The week-end of the 14th and 15th of November proved to be a bright spot in the lives of many Westdalites. On Friday night, Westdale witnessed its 5th Annual Sadie Hadkins dance. Both gyms were put into use because of the large crowd. A few hardy souls came dressed—and a few slightly otherwise—as representatives of Skunk Hollow, Phogbound University and Dogpatch.

Especially noted were the silhouettes by Bob Walker on the backboards, and the outhouse occupying the place of honour on the stage. Especially tasty were the refreshments consisting of kickapoo joy juice and doughnuts served by the Red Cross Society—Dogpatch Branch.

Then on Saturday night it was the male population's turn to foot the bill. For the second consecutive year, the W.S.S. Canteen gave a semi-formal dance. Highlights of this social evening were provided by Cy McLean and band, and singer Albert Marshall, who gave a terrific rendition of "Night and Day." The Canteen hopes to present a Spring Prom sometime in the near future and we're sure it will be as great a success as the ones of the past.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

This year's bang-up New Year's Dance was held under the auspices of the Westdale Athletic Association. Decorations, which really hit an all-time high, were originated and carried out by a "live-wire" decorating committee. Balloons, festoons of streamers and a big decorated Christmas tree were the basis for the decorations. This reporter particularly liked the balloon man suspended from the ceiling—originality plus! Cokes, cakes and ice-cream were served in the girls gym that also had its share of decorations. Unfortunately the New Year was rung in about half an hour too soon, but it didn't seem to interfere with the wonderful fun that everyone seemed to be having.

THE SCHOOL PLAY 1947

The treat of the year of '47 was the Westdale production of "The Swan", a romantic comedy in three acts. Anyone who went on either April 25 or 26 will remember the play was a huge success from the first line spoken to the final appreciative applause. This success was due largely to the efforts of the Dramatic Society, the orchestra, the stage crew, the art department and the teachers who so willingly helped. Congratulations go to Mr. Rinn and Mr. Linton for their fine directing of the play. The main leads were played by Lenore Waddell, Ross Howell, James Taylor, Arthene Richardson and Dick Kilburn, with a supporting cast of Jane Niblett, Jean Scroggie, Murray Beech and Bob Peacock. The other roles were played by Mary Charuk, Louis Levy, Al Kingsbury, John Kilgore, Bill Raynor, Ron Johnson, Ken Madden, Catherine Haddow, Rose-Marie Folliott, Madge Kulin. The parts of the two small boys were played by Barney Daniels and Barry Harris who were not going to Westdale at the time. After the final curtain call, all those who participated could be found relaxing and talking over the evening in the Tech library, where tea was being served through the courtesy of the "Home and School" society. Everyone seemed a wee bit weary after the tension they had been under, but they all had that happy glow on their faces that a job well done brings.

PROM OF '48

Blue and silver! Our annual prom and a wonderful dance! To most of us it was the nicest of the dances in Westdale history. First came the gaily decorated halls, then the marquee at the end of which could be seen the breath-taking splendour of the glittering balcony and the blue and silver streams. Radiating from a huge square of sparkling silver were the many graceful streamers. Other decorations which attracted much interest were the tropical fish on the backboards emitting shining bubbles, which reflected the turquoise and fuschia spotlights. Cy McLean, who has become a habit—and a pleasant one—provided his smooth arrangements for the dancing pleasure.

Intermission found many couples collecting their friends' autographs. The souvenir tickets, in the shape of top hats, provided two pages for just this purpose and everywhere, patient escorts could be seen offering their backs as writing desks. The Girl's Choir served cokes, sandwiches and delicious home-made cookies. These refreshments were taken to the small green tables, striped with gold, which lined the corridors.

The final portion of this special evening sped quickly by and soon the dreamy waltzes marked the end of the dance. I'm sure that every Westdalite appreciated the efforts of the Triune and their helpers who made it such a pleasant evening.

COMMENCEMENT

For the second year, in succession the grads of this school have enjoyed a banquet given by the Triune Society in their honour on November 21. About one hundred people, including the usual officials and representatives, sat down to a most delicious repast in the teacher's cafeteria. The long tables had been decorated with sets of ever-green boughs and large green and gold bows, clustered around yellow candles. A large multi-coloured arrangement of chrysanthemums beautified the head table. Another very attractive feature proved to be the silk-screened place-cards which the art department had produced for the occasion.

Perhaps the most enjoyable to all was the meal itself. Virginia baked ham and vegetables constituted the first course which was quickly demolished amid merry chatter. This was followed by ice cream with white cake iced in green and gold.

All in all the dinner was a complete success. During this dinner, soft piano music was being played by Elizabeth Gladman and Paul McIntyre. This little concert added a finishing touch to the whole affair.

When the few speeches were concluded, the grads descended to the auditorium for the Commencement exercises. After the ceremony, the now ex-pupils of Westdale once again entered the boy's gymnasium, perhaps for the last time for some of them. Here they danced under the soft lights to recorded music. Later a snappy but rather confused congo line led to a tasty lunch prepared by the "Old Girl's Association" which had also sponsored the dance. After this, dancing continued until one o'clock when the weary graduates departed quite satisfied with this, their own Commencement.

APRIL MIDNIGHT

A zephyr, warm, yet cool, pervades the air
With gentle fragrances. The budding trees
Majestically arise, like symphonies
Of vision, all to vanish way up where
Their blackness rests on blackness. April! Ne'er
To be forgotten is your midnight breeze;
Your woods shall be eternal memories
Forever perfect and beyond compare.
'Tis sad how few will stop to fill their souls
With these evasive ecstasies of sight
And sound and perfume; strange that men can't
give
A fleeting moment from their concrete goals
To dwell upon the music of this night;
For then they truthfully could say, "I live".

—GARY CHERT'KOFF, 11-A

THE TRIUNE SHOW

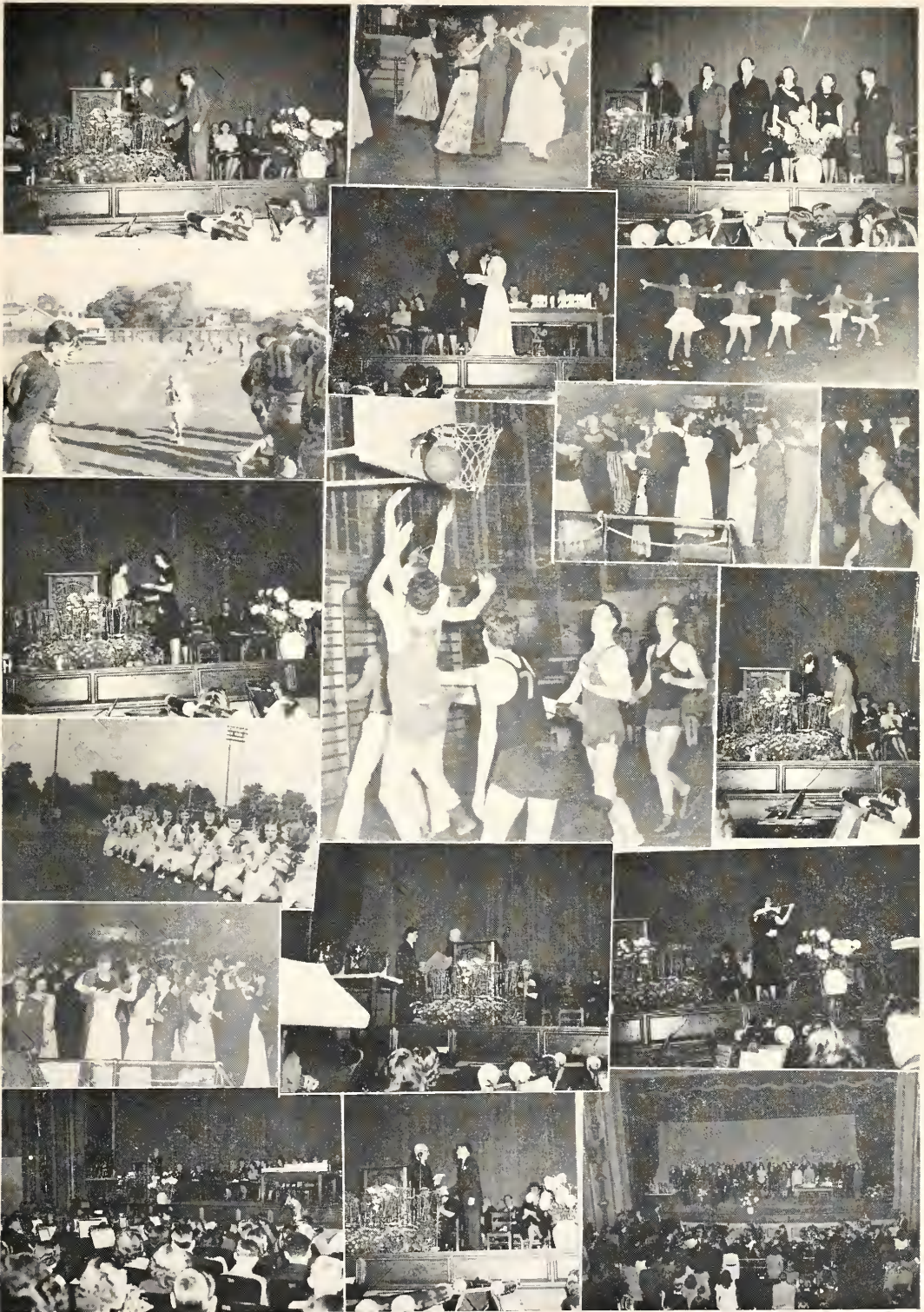
Westdalites packed and overflowed the auditorium on February 13th, to witness the smash success "Anything Goes". With Ray Long as the director and Sam Gardner as the "dignified" M.C., the show ran from 4 to 5.30 before a well-mannered audience.

To start things off the swing band played their theme song, "Surrender". "The Cremation of Sam McGee", which followed, was cleverly recited by John Robinson, who, complete with a spade, a chew of tobacco and an unshaven face, walked onto the stage to tell his awesome tale—complete with sound effects. Again we had the privilege of hearing the Syncopaters giving us their smooth version of "Moonglow" and then as an encore "Can't Help Loving That Man". Judging from the applause, these eleven girls with their modern style of singing are really appreciated around the school.

Another well-received musician was accordionist Fred Daines who made a big hit with such selections as "Jalousie" and "Peg O' My Heart". Ron Elford, the man with the educated feet, did a rhythmic tap dance.

A one-act comedy, "The Death of Caesar", produced crap players, used chariot dealers and many others, all wearing "zooty" white togas. The plot was a little shady in spots but it all culminated in the murder of Caesar, who still managed to read a magazine after his death. Our nightingale, Doreen Johnston, sang "Summertime" and "Embraceable You", accompanied on the piano by Ron Ellis.

A bright spot of humour on the programme was provided by Stewart Green who alternately portrayed a little boy and a bartender. A great deal of thanks and credit should be given to Don Lockhart, who came to impersonate Al Jolson for us even though he could hardly speak because of laryngitis. The last skit was "The Timbuctoo Terror" which was a take-off on the world of prize fighting. Last but not least, were those four black-faced boys who interjected bits of humour (?) here and there during the entire performance. After a fond farewell from the M.C., a satisfied audience left the auditorium to the strains of "Star Eyes", "Stompin' At the Savoy" and "Confessin'" ably interpreted by the solid swing band.



CLUBS and ORGANIZATIONS

MOLLY SPITTLE

LENORE WADDELL

THE WESTDALE SENIOR GIRLS CHOIR

It was in 1944 that Mr. Damude, of our staff, took a spade in hand and planted a sapling.

Said he, "It will take you 10 years to become a tree."

Well, four of those years have passed, during which our Glee Club has taken root and become one of Hamilton's most prominent choirs.

The girls themselves have enthusiastically supported the choir; and they are indeed fortunate that the Cause of Music is entrusted to the hands of so talented a leader as Mr. Damude. Most selections are done without accompaniment, but when called for, Paul McIntyre, one of our outstanding pianists, is on hand to fill the post.

In the earlier part of the term, several performances were put on, including those at Commencement Exercise, Civic Night, and the Junior and Senior Assemblies. The Glee Club had planned to make many appearances this spring, but owing to the cessation of extra-curricular activities, this will be impossible.

There was little time for social activities, but a sleighing party was arranged in January.

It is now the earnest desire of all members that conditions may be returned to normal, so that a young, aspiring sapling may continue to grow.

THE SEVEN YEAR CLUB

At the beginning of the school year, a new club was organized in the school with a restricted and somewhat elite membership. The first step taken by the Seven Year Club was the election of officers. They were:

President—Sam Gardner.

Vice-President—"Doc" Livingston.

Secretary-treasurer—Ray Long.

Counsellor—Miss Kerr.

The original purpose of this organization was to increase student interest in the elections and make sure that the elected body was the best yet. The members of the club supplied the funds for the presidential campaign of John Livingston. After his success they sponsored a party at the Hamilton Gun Club to honor him. It was planned to have a large open party at Christmas but the discovery was made that the Treasurer had embezzled all the funds and left for Vancouver.

In February the club produced and directed the Triune show, "Anything Goes". If all goes well they will have a large gathering late in June.

We hope that none of the members will have to come back next year and possibly there will never be another Seven Year Club.

In closing, we wish to thank Miss Kerr for her leniency towards us on certain occasions.

RED CROSS

Among the teeming masses of Westdale High there beats a heart. True, it is kept palpitating by only a half-dozen or so pupils from this vast estate of thousands—but still, it beats. We speak of that indispensable organ of humanity, the Red Cross Society.

An inbred passion for Kick-a-poo Joy Juice led a mob of hill-billies to descend upon the bread-line at the Sadie Hawkins' Dance, and as fast as the food went down, the treasury mounted, till it hit the bell at eighty-four dollars to the Crippled Children's Fund, fifty dollars to the Armps, and five dollars for fees. While we are on the subject of money, here's a special notice to all gum chewers. Chew, my friendlies, chew, chew! Mr. McKnight's class fines are still coming in.

At the moment, an order is being filled to supply St. Patrick's Day favours for two hundred and sixty veterans still in hospital. Although financial frustration has hand-cuffed the willing and co-operative hands of such teachers as Miss Fitzpatrick, Miss Dales, Miss N. Dixon, and others, we are carrying on under our competent president, Margaret Verral, and are looking forward to another busy year.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Hi friends, neighbours, and photographers-to-be, would you be interested in a boring explanation of the intricate details involved in photographic work? You'll grin and bear it, eh? Well, then, if that's the case we'll skip them.

You may ask, "What types of photography do we do?"—oh, the ordinary processing, printing, enlarging, a bit of copy work, and almost anything an amateur is capable of doing, (even if it is reading a Photog magazinel).

Often you can see nine or so members going into the Dark Room any day in the week except Friday, using supplies (sparingly, I hope) for the season on a twenty-five cent fee (25c mind you!).

On the schedule you will find that twelve weeks were devoted especially for beginners. Each Monday we sat on the utility table (our manners?—we disregarded them on Lesson Days) and learned the primary steps—gradually working through till we could enlarge defective negatives. After this we were left alone, not entirely alone, as there was always a chaperon on hand. Upon my word, I believe he was supposed to be a counsellor rather than a "watch-dog." All joking aside now, we really did appreciate the help we received from Mr. Smith, our president-secretary-treasurer and chief-counsellor, then Mr. Campbell, a specialist in copy work, Mr. Bal, and last but not least, Mr. Bridgen.

WESTDALE ORCHESTRA

Once a week you hear a few squeaks and a bang from the orchestra pit. By straining your neck you may see about fifteen individuals sitting there. Mr. Roberts made a complete list of all those pupils who claim to be members of the orchestra. They numbered over fifty! Approximately ten of these have since graduated, but where are the rest? On Commencement night, upon entering the orchestra room I met a number of faces which previously I had not known to blow a horn or to hold a fiddle. That night the orchestra was a success by sheer unity of numbers. The senior auditorium suffers less than the juniors who hear a small orchestra and we do mean small!

Come on you musicians, and play!

WESTDALE CHESS CLUB

The Westdale Chess Club, reconvening last September for its sophomore year, fulfilled long-standing plans to buy Chess sets of its own, thus not only saving members the task of lugging their sets to school, but also enabling Westdale to play host safely to future expected interscholastic tournaments. And this year the Westdale Chess Club followed up last year's match victory over F. R. Close with a close win over Tech, Central, and Cathedral, who finished in that order—Tech but a single point out of first place! The winning team included Norm Jeppesen, club president for the current year, as well as (in alphabetical order) Gerry Cherkoff, Dud Freeman, Don Nixon, Ron Pyke and Jerry Urquehart; the match provided several tense, two-hour contests, lasting till midnight. At this present writing (mid-March), F. R. Close has prepared and presented both the interscholastic Chess Meets; Westdale has twice been grateful guest. Right now plans are afoot to return this hospitality with a tournament at Westdale. The result of which will, we hope, be no less favorable than those of past endeavours.

BADMINTON

Many badminton enthusiasts met every Tuesday and Friday throughout the fall in the girls' gym. Later, because more time was needed for other activities, Tuesdays were dropped, and badminton was held in the girls' gym from four to five-thirty, and in the boy's gym from five to six, on Fridays. Although badminton has been discontinued for a while, some of those who miss the exercise will likely see to its immediate return. If this is the case, tournaments may be played in the spring.

OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

History, according to Mr. J. R. Fee, enables us to understand the present and the future through a reconstruction of the past. Therefore, with this in mind I will try to present the past of the Westdale Old Boys' Association, and then let you decide as to its existence in the future.

The Westdale Old Boys' Association was originally formed by nine pupils of Westdale Secondary School actuated by a desire to foster a greater school spirit and to perpetuate this connection in later years. In May, 1932, the decision to form

a group for such a purpose and to steer it through its development days, was made by two outstanding students, "Nip" Nye and Leonard Barlow. With the encouragement and sage advice of Mr. Simpson, retired principle of Westdale S.S., Mr. J. R. Fee and Mr. A. R. Traves, the Association flourished. As the years passed the Old Boys' absorbed many able students and with this solid and healthy growth its prestige and dignity became firmly established. It elected its own membership from the students of the graduating classes of the Commercial and Technical sections and those of the fifth form class of the Collegiate. A prerequisite for acceptance was a sincere determination to promote the interests of the Association. These requirements are still existing.

In 1940, the Association decided to forego meetings until the end of the war. The members served honourably during the recent conflict and a few gave up their lives in defense of their country's freedom.

In April, 1947, a re-organization meeting was held; the objectives were to unite the old members and to accept new members. The new members being those students who had passed through the school in the war years. The first objective proved successful but the second has fallen short of the mark. This is understandable as the students in the war years, in comparison to the present and the past, had very few activities which might encourage school spirit. Also a great number left in their junior years for the forces, and while at school were restless and uneasy. Now the war is over, school spirit is soaring and students contend vigorously in many lines of endeavour.

These are the happiest days of your lives and to lose them immediately on graduation is a painful loss. That is why we, the Old Boys', are striving to keep this group together now in order that you may have a means to join your school-day friends and relive the past.

It is for you, the students of the Commercial, Technical and Collegiate divisions to decide whether your school experience is worthy of remembrance and whether the spirit of the Old Boys' is to be passed on to the new.

WESTDALE OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

Names of candidates for membership are presented at the opening Fall meeting and the first fifteen are notified to attend the second meeting, which is the Annual Initiation. In recent years this event has taken the form of a Travelling Supper with the Candlelighting Ceremony being held afterwards at the School. The main annual affairs are: The Graduation Dance, when we entertain the graduates and staff, held immediately after Commencement Exercises — at Commencement four awards are presented by the Association; the Christmas Party, which was held this year at the Protestant Girls' Home; the Annual At Home, an event of prime importance, upon which we depend for our financial footing; the Annual Bridge, held this year at Fonhill. Most of the regular semi-monthly meetings consist of a short business meeting followed by a social program. Talks and demonstrations have been given this season

by Miss Ida Segal of the Westdale Florist, when several lovely corsages were given away; Miss Margaret Eady of Beauty Counselors, when one of the members was given a personalized application of make-up; Mr. King of Lucas Travel Agency, who gave hints on where to travel for what cost. A very successful Welfare Night saw the start of a crazy quilt which will be given to one of the Community projects supported by the Association. Sporting events included a Bowling Night and a Sleighing Party. Each season closes with the Annual Banquet when the next year's Officers are introduced, the dinner being provided by the Association. Summer outdoor activities keep the members in touch with each other until the next season opens on the first Wednesday in October.

THE WESTDALE I.S.C.F.

The Inter-School Christian Fellowship has just completed its most successful year in this school. We meet each Monday at 12.30 p.m. in room 309. We averaged about 65-70 persons each week, with sometimes 200 coming out. Each meeting begins with a lively sing-song.

We arranged our meeting as follows:

1st week of the month—a speaker.

2nd week—students' meeting.

3rd week—missionary speaker.

4th week—movie.

This year we have had out-of-town speakers, local business men, and ministers. We have had several movies, including "God of the Atom." Westdale has the largest I.S.C.F. group of any school in Hamilton. This year we have had a masquerade party, skating party and quashes. We sponsored the "Teens' Carol Sing" at the Crystal Ballroom of the Royal Connaught. The I.S.C.F. also has a summer programme for the students—that of "Pioneer Teens' Camp", for those of high school age.

The aim of the I.S.C.F. is to have Christian Fellowship with other Christians, and to show other students the need for God in their personal lives.

WESTDALE TEEN'S CANTEEN

The weekly jam session known as the Westdale Teen's Canteen, is held on Saturday nights in the Boy's Gym from 8 to 11 p.m. It is, as before, under the sponsorship of the Westdale Community Council but is run by an executive of Westdale Students. In the fall of '47 the executive was composed of Bob Fitzhenry, Carl Strahlendorf, Art Smith, and Jane Coleman. In January the annual elections were held and several changes were made. Bob Fitzhenry was returned as president, Pete McIntyre became vice-president, Margaret Marshall, treasurer, and Arlene Raycroft, secretary.

In November, the Canteen held a big dance and brought in a name band from Toronto. Who? Why Cy McLean of course, and the Triune executive liked him so well that they brought him back for the Prom. Jim Patterson, vocalist and trombonist extraordinary, almost stopped the show with his rendition of such pieces as "Summertime", "Night and Day", and "Begin the Beguine".

On April 10, a small price was charged for admission, the money obtained, being sent to the Children of Britain. The executive thought it a

good cause and again we would like to tell fellow Westdalites how much we appreciate their generosity.

The Westdale Canteen is operated at the lowest possible cost. This saving is passed on to the members and consequently it is the least expensive Canteen in the city. The other Canteens report a falling off in attendance, but their loss appears to be our gain as more tickets are sold every season. We would like to thank Walt Morrison and George Bakalar for the wonderful music which they provide, the Community Council, which provides our chaperons, and the students of Westdale, for their support.

DRAMATIC CLUB

Early in September a body of students entered the portals of Mr. Rinn's room to talk over the formation of this year's dramatic club. A meeting was called in which three people were chosen as scrutineers, Helen Carey, Molly Spittle, and Lenore Waddell. Candidates names for office were handed in to these people. The following week the elections were held. Those elected were Al Kingsbury, president; Ann Elton, vice-president, and Donna Wiess, secretary-treasurer.

At a later meeting it was decided that membership cards would be sold to the prospective members and also a playreading committee was elected. Early in December the first play, a one-act, "El Greco", was produced for the junior auditorium. This was directed by Gwen Parker. The cast consisted of Dick Kilburn, Ross Howell, Larry Polington, Clarence Wilson and Ronald Rolls.

A meeting was held of the play-reading committee but a final decision was not reached because of the cancellation of after-four-activities. We are planning to produce two short plays after Easter.

We are sorry that we could not produce our annual school play but it is to be hoped that our successor next year will be able to do so.

CLUB NEW YORKER

This unique club, organized last year by members of two Houghton Educational Tours of New York, the 1946 and 1947 groups, is now entering its second year with membership doubled, due to the almost unanimous support of the 1948 group. The purpose of the club is primarily to maintain the friendships made on the New York trips with the supplementary idea of raising funds to subsidize future trips.

Through its activities, the club has a considerable effect on the furtherance of good will between the high schools of the city. Our activities in the past year have consisted of a wiener roast, an informal party and a formal dance. Elaborate plans are now under way for a similar programme in the coming year under the guidance of President Bob Wright (Westdale '47) and Vice-President Gilbert Hutton (Central '46).

This year's Westdale group, which, incidentally, is probably the largest single group in the club, is represented on the executive by George Binnie, ably assisted no doubt by Mr. John Bell, who is a charter member and a permanent honorary advisor.



SENIOR GIRLS' CHOIR

D. Marshall, H. Gilbrank, J. Noyer, I. Vansickle, D. McLeish, B. Ratz, L. Simpson, D. Dykstra, E. Crompton, A. Judd, M. Bates, E. Bell, G. Brooks, R. Frid, M. Pon, R. Linton, M. Turnbull, J. Daniels, L. Powell, B. Axelson, M. Siddall, B. Axelson, S. Michnick, L. Harper, J. Munro, D. Lloyd, G. Davey, A. Bulmer, A. Wright, E. Ferguson, A. Ferguson, S. Craig, Miss Elliott, P. Kirkwood, L. Martin, M. Lunt, B. Scott, W. Alton, N. Kozak, A. Sied, L. Moore, I. Laidler, J. Pon, G. Price, N. Galbraith, D. Burnes, J. Rodger, P. Rodger, B. Rae, L. Hare, E. Moffatt, C. Walker, J. Homer, B. Grieg, L. MacKenzie, G. Evans, R. Aglar, H. Hamson, V. Evenden.

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

B. Walker, Rouse, Livingstone, Howell, Leonard, P. Green, Bonner, McIntyre, S. Green, Raycroft, Dains, Sanderson, Mr. Roberts (Conductor), Walker, Marth, Jessop, Fielding, Gasparik, Russell, Bowman, Frylins, Fairclough, Johnson, D. Lowden, Thompson, S. Lowden, B. Traves, Horning, Melloma, Skillen, McAuley, Bell, Heslop, P. Traves, Stapleton.

LITERARY

ELEANOR DAVIS

ISABELLE GRANT

MADGE KULIN

MUSIC LOVERS -- BEWARE!

—NICK PROKOS

Warning! Observe caution when using the household radio receiving set: The danger of the hither-to-unsuspected "Popular Song", has been brought to light. I myself made this grave discovery the other night while listening to a programme of popular music over the radio. The reader may fail to see the peril, but I am sure that careful examination of the subject by doubters will disclose the fate that threatens our society.

Most popular songs have their origin in Tin Pan Alley, the exact location of which is uncertain; but it is generally suspected to be near New York. Whether this is the same alley across which lies the Alamo is also a mystery.

Almost all popular songs come under one of four classifications: (1) The Love Song, (2) Songs about cities, states, etc., (3) Songs about various means of transportation, and (4) The nonsensical novelty song.

The first, the love song, is by far the most predominant; in fact, it is quite impossible to listen to the radio for fifteen minutes without hearing one. There are many distinct species of love song, although they have one characteristic in common—they are all romantic and sentimental; in fact, they are utterly gooey!

One type of love song is that which describes the beauties of a certain girl. In this group pieces like "Marie", "Ivy", and "Linda" may be listed. Another is the song which proclaims the state of the composer's affections towards his true-love. This is usually rendered by a baritone who whistles the lyrics in fervent, vibrating tones.

The second classification of popular song is the song about cities, states, parts of the country, and the like. "Talahassee", "Swanne", "How Are Things in Glocca Morra", serve as examples. One suspects that the chambers of commerce of the towns immortalized in these tunes had something to do with the origin of the works. However, they

proved to be consistently successful; and for this reason, if I were to write a popular song, I think I should write one of these. In it, I might extol the merits of Ancaster; hence the immediate popularity of my song would be assured.

In the third category is the song about various means of transportation. Each new advance in engineering is following by a new song. First came the "Chatanooga Choo Choo." As science marched on we heard "The Stanley Steamer", "My Merry Oldsmobile," and "Come Josephine in My Flying Machine." Whatever new progress our scientists make, upon its completion, we will immediately be notified of it in verse and melody.

Finally we come to the last breed, the nonsensical novelty song. This group is represented by such notorious examples as "Mairzy Doats," "Open the Door, Richard," and "Bloop Bleep." Medical authorities tell us that the cause of the congestion in mental hospitals today can be traced to the advance of this scourge during the last five years. Its elusive method of attack makes it most dangerous on first hearing one of these tunes, the listener may be delighted. This symptom is short-lived, for as the next stage advances, the unfortunate victim finds himself going around humming it to himself, unable to get it out of his head. Here the agony begins. His suffering is further aggravated by the fact that the song is now unmercifully played over and over again on all the radio stations. At this point, the psychiatrist enters the picture and the story from here on for the poor babbling wreck is one of slow recovery in some quiet institution.

So there are the facts. It is left to the reader to judge if this thing should be allowed to continue. Perhaps in the not-too-distant future, legislation will be enacted to protect man from this threat to sanity; but until then, he should exercise extreme caution in dealing with this horrible monster in melodic disguise.

THE RING

—MADGE KULIN

She stared at it for minutes on end,
And not for a second did her eyes bend
Away from the ring.

It was so unexpected! So surprising!
Thus, despite all her surmising,
It was an uncalled for thing.

For despite its miraculous beauty,
She must do her horrible duty . . .
To that bathtub ring.

Often-times she had wondered if it were true,
That such things just came out of the blue,
Without any warning . . .

And still at the ring she gawked and gaped!
Finally her fingers draped
On a smooth white thing.

SHAKESPEARE COMES TO LIFE

ISABELLE GRANT

At one time or another every student must study Shakespeare, so, this year, when the renowned English Shakespearean actor, Donald Wolfitt, came to Hamilton, the editor of the *Le Raconteur* secured for me an interview with him. I hurried over to McMaster University for the fifteen minute interview and never have I spent a more interesting quarter hour. There were five of us in the Chancellor's office that noon, Mr. Wolfitt, his leading lady, Miss Rosalind Iden, the *Spectator* reporter, an interviewer from the McMaster *Silhouette*, and myself. Within a very few minutes we all felt as if we had known Miss Iden and Mr. Wolfitt all our lives, they were so kind and co-operative.

This will be Mr. Wolfitt's eleventh year as the actor-manager of a group of players who devote their talents to bringing the classics to the modern audience. Mr. Wolfitt, who is a native of Nottinghamshire, began his acting as a young boy during World War I.

The public taste for Shakespeare was at a low ebb in 1937 when Mr. Wolfitt formed the Advance Players Association to play Shakespeare. The first autumn tour was most difficult to arrange for man-

agers were definitely sceptical, and many refused to rent their theatres. In spite of this, the troupe played before ever-increasing numbers, and by 1939 they had become a tradition in London. Then war struck and many of Mr. Wolfitt's most promising actors were called to service. In spite of this handicap the group played to enthusiastic crowds, short-handed, inequipped, through blackouts and bombings. If for nothing else the work of the company will long be remembered for their season of "Lunch Time Shakespeare" at the Strand, London, in 1940 when every other theatre was closed.

In 1947 Mr. Wolfitt, a tall impressive figure who has the command of his audience when he speaks, and his company made a tour of the U.S. and Canada. Their plays were so well received that this year they made a return engagement and played in all the cities in Canada which have populations exceeding 25,000. The company consists of thirty-five "people" as Mr. Wolfitt refers to them, but gifted actors is what we consider them, who "come to play Shakespeare", but for those of us who saw his plays they made Shakespeare live.

REMBRANDTS AT THE BLACKBOARD

or, The World's Worst Artists)

—DON GOODALE

It was probably our Geometry teacher, nameless here by courtesy, who innocently started the furor. All year long, while sketching decidedly paunchy circles on the blackboard, it has been his habit to remind us: "Now you all KNOW that I'm the world's worst artist, but . . ." And indeed we did know; his straight lines would pass for the coastline of Norway! Moreover, he executed parallelograms that were mere trapezoids, trapezoids that resembled triangles, and circles—oh, his circles!—that hankered of nothing on earth. World's worst artist? We took his word for it.

But things were not thus to go on—he making his bald confessional every period, we nodding in (presumable) agreement. Our English teacher, one day, broke the spell, illustrating our Shakespearean sojourn with a diagram of the Elizabethan stage. In he plunged, rashly heedless of perspective, barely pausing as he snuffed our instant criticisms with a casual, "I'm the world's worst artist,

of course, but . . ." We were stunned. How dare he make such a claim! And still worse was the shock when our History teacher prefaced a few very off-hand drawings with: "Now, I'm the WORLD'S WORST ARTIST, but . . ." So now it's an open race. Every teacher on the staff now covets the title, it develops, with the exception of Miss Hamilton, Mr. Brigden, and Mr. McCord, who wouldn't admit it even if they were in the running.

It is with these facts in mind that we of 12-XYZ take pleasure in announcing our survey to find which of our dear (but dreadfully oppressed) teachers really is the—but need I repeat the words? Claimants flock from every corner, but to save candidates' bother with sample sheets, we have agents scouting some hot prospects this very minute; a winner should be declared by the middle of the football season. And the prize? Oh, yes, something dear to every Rembrandt of the Blackboard—a BOX OF COLOURED CHALK!

West Point's Drawing Department is intended to teach young officers-to-be engineering, map-reading, and photo reading, but every so often some cadet attempts to express a sprightly artistic originality. One time a cadet, asked to make a drawing of a bridge over a country stream, playfully sketched in a couple of children sitting on the bridge rail. Of course, this displeased the stern instructor, who sharply told him to "take those children

off the bridge."

On his next rounds the officer found his command obeyed to the letter—the children now played on the riverbank. "No, no!" he protested. "Get rid of them!"

Coming around once more the instructor found that the children had indeed been done away with; in their place stood two pathetic little tombstones.



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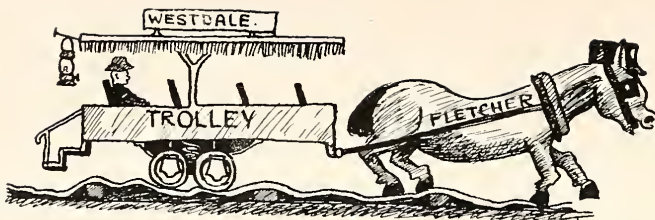
Composed of members of the Orchestra and Girls' Choir.

CAFETERIA STAFF

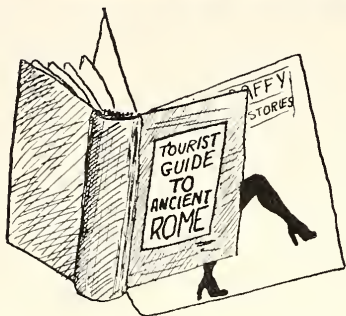
Left to right)—Johnson, Cochrane, Larmour, Fair.

CURLING TEAM

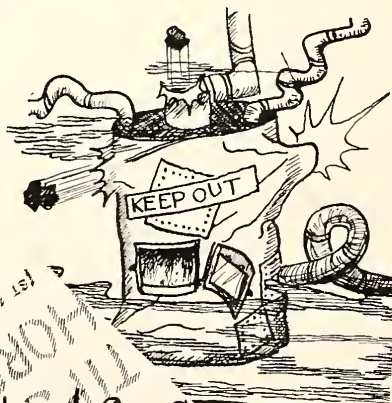
Davies, Richardson, Cassels, Cassels.



SCHMOE



THE AUTHORS



$$\sqrt{Sm^{\frac{31}{64}} + \overline{A} \Theta_{\alpha}^{\alpha} \Theta_E} \int_0^{\infty} \frac{1}{g} + 3.1239 \frac{0}{g} \cdot u^{\frac{1}{2}} = \gamma m_{\text{ack}} + \frac{1}{8} \gamma m_0 G$$

Keep Peter Braiden at
4 o'clock today.

SHMOG

SAM GARDNER

LUKE WALKER

A few days ago we were approached by the editor of this magazine and asked to solve the perplexing question—What is Shmog? This to us seemed decidedly simple for we would merely have to ask a few teachers for their explanations, and write down the combined results. Thus we merrily started out; and in answer to the simple question—what is shmog and what has been your experience, if any, with it; we received the following results:

Mr. Ballantyne confessed that in the basement of his home he had at times produced shmog in a special combustion chamber—furnace to you! At the moment, though, the results were somewhat mysterious—to him especially! Finally after some prodding he produced a formula which seemingly explained this phenomenon: $Sh+M+Og=ShmOg!$

Knowing that these results could not possibly be understood by simple Westdale students, we decided to try again. Next we turned to Mr. McAndrew and threw our question at him. His answer was directly to the point: "Je ne sais pas". At least it was an honest reply, but not quite good enough.

Glancing down the hall we perceived Mr. Hone and immediately pounced on him with our question. Taking us aside, he explained that as yet he had had no experience with shmog but attempting to be helpful, he pulled a racing form from his pocket and quickly sketched an equation on the back of it—(See opposite page). This he explained would most likely answer our question. Possibly so, we thought, but how should we know. Our knowledge of mathematics is still in the apple and pear stage. You know—take two apples and add three pears, etc.

So far we had failed and our deadline was drawing near, in fact it drew right past without stopping. But, nothing daunted and being determined characters—characters is right—who else would do this stupid stuff?—we could not give up easily.

Our next encounter was with a Shmoe—a post war gremlin—but we passed him by rather lightly as a shmoe is not to be confused with shmog.

After a long search we found Mr. Damude eagerly scraping the gold from a gold leaf electroscope, and on being questioned, he said that at one time he had taken an interest in producing shmog but the process required the use of a Fletcher's Trolley. Since the Hamilton Street Railway was using all the available ones on its Westdale route, he had given up his experiments.

In the library we found Mr. Fee reading "A Tourist's Guide To Ancient Rome." After giving our question some thought, he told us that he had

never heard of, or read of, any reference to shmog in Modern or Ancient history, but that it might possibly have been the secret weapon used by the Indians in the Peloponnesian War against Denmark. We wrote down this newly acquired knowledge on a library slip and promptly threw it out the window. Also in the library was Mr. Ettinger, but as he was busy writing an appreciation on Mother Goose, we decided not to bother him.

As we turned to leave the library we were confronted with that huge and hulking stature of the President of the Triune. "Doc," we cried, "you must help us." If we don't find out what shmog is by tomorrow morning the magazine will be a flop. (Ed.'s Note—The foregoing was merely the personal opinion of the authors). "Well, boys, he answered, "have you noticed the exhaust pipe on my car lately?" "Yes? Yes?" we answered apprehensively. "Well, do you like my new chrome reflector?" (If you don't like our idea of humour you don't have to read this).

Ah! 'Tis sad. Defeat has a bitter taste, so we washed our mouths out at the nearest fountain and set out for the music room to see Mr. Roberts. At first, in answer to our question, we received but a few unintelligible mumbblings but after removing the trombone from his mouth, he began to orate at full volume. He spoke of many things, but the nearest he came to shmog was the smorgasbord produced by the orchestra. This oration continued for some time and growing weary of it all we put the trombone back in his mouth and continued on our way.

At this point in our story, we had grown weary and had also run out of material. (Editor's Note—You were out of it to begin with). Hence we were wandering in clouds of despair (not shmog) through the basement when a frolicky gentleman with snow white hair hustled past. Mr. Proctor was obviously very perturbed about something, so we followed him. He, too, like Mr. Roberts, was mumbbling and we were about to pass him by when we heard what sounded to us like the word shmog. Mixed in with the mumbblings were series of oaths about city-by-laws. "My sacred aunt, Gypsy Rose," he cried. "The Board of Education will have the screamie-weamies (Politician's D.T.'s) when I tell them we must have a new shmog protector for the shmog stack!"

"Mr. Proctor!" we yelled. "Oh, please, kind and generous sir—(at that point we knelt and salaamed three times toward the boiler room)—what is shmog?"

After scrutinizing us severely he calmly said, in his best beer hall bass, "Shmog is a combination of smoke and fog found in Pittsburgh, New York, Hamilton and the boys' washrooms!"

Silly, wasn't it?



GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL

2nd Form All-Star—Martha Duerkson, Ruth Mulligan, Arlene Raycroft, Jean McLean, Shirley Emery, Donna Batzold, Gladys Tait, Deborah Infirery, Marjorie Hooker, Audrey Whitfield.

3rd Form All-Star—Diane Edie, Eleanor Waddell, Loretta Fabbro, Joan Marshall, Elsie Bokla, Mickey Dent, Ruth Gardner, Lois Moore, Shirley Haw, Grace Campbell, Mary Cline, Muriel Fee.

4th Form All-Star—Dorothy Dykstra, Dorothy McLeish, Betty Ratz, Jeanne Cameron, Lenore Simpson, Melba Evans, Mary Lang, Diane Opie, Terry Skene, Shirley McCarter.

5th Form All-Star—Joan Crocker, Joan Coster, Lucy Brown, Muriel Collier, Helen Tarlton, Carol Williams, Joyce Bingleman, Violet Reid, Janet Harris, Margaret Verrall, Ruth Summerlin, Eleanor Davis.

3rd Form Champions—Loretta Fabbro, Marjorie Sansone, Elsie Bokla, Mickey Dent, Mary Cline.

4th Form Champions—Betty Ratz, Dorothy McLeish, Shirley Lowden, Shirley McCarter, Terry Skene, Betty Brown, Goldie Balinson.

GIRL'S SPORTS

—MARGARET VERRALL

VOLLEY BALL

As usual, all games were played at noon under the capable (?) refereeing and scoring of the students. Fifth year teams considered themselves lucky to play five a side, and, no match for the snappy fourth year outfits, were forced to concede the senior championship to 12A.

Inter-form Winners:

- 1st form—9E
- 2nd form—10G
- 3rd form—11F
- Senior—12A.

All Star:

Once again, due to the lack of suitable gym conditions at Central and Commerce, it was necessary to stage sudden-death all-star volleyball play-offs on the Commerce floor. It was, indeed, sudden death for Westdale, as all four teams who entered the finals met with disastrous losses, surrendering the cherished championships of the previous year, though not without a struggle.

1st Form—These plucky beginners won their first two games easily and by large margins, thus qualifying their entry into the finals. Partially due to excitement and inexperience, they lost their final game. But wait 'till next year.

2nd Form—This team had the same results as the 1st year team. Winning their first two games, the girls came up against a superior team from Commerce, and were defeated after a stiff fight.

3rd Form—Once more, Westdale won the two preliminary games only to lose the final game. It seems that there was a slight mix-up in the refereeing set-up and Westdale girls were unaccustomed to Tech's new rule concerning double volleys.

4th Form—Westdale's smooth-working team seemed stiff competition for any school, but, in spite of their good ball-handling, they lost their first game and their chance for the finals.

5th Form—Westdale played only one game, and that one with Central. The game was very close, with both teams vying for the leadership. Westdale seemed to deflate when the score became tied at 28, and Central came staggering through with a 30-28 victory.

Bye-the-bye, Westdale had a mixed (?) Volleyball team, consisting of four lads and four lassies, which played three games against a similar team from Normal School. Strange enough, the rules were also mixed, as the boys bided by boys' rules while the girls had an easier time with girls' rules. Westdale easily took the first two games but lost the last, due, I think, to the unaccustomed presence of a referee.

BASKETBALL

Surprising as it seems, we delicate females do indulge in that vigorous sport of Basketball! Unfortunately, this year we lack the splendid direction and coaching of our gym teachers. It has been due to their influence that Westdale has produced championship teams in the past, and we sadly miss their guidance (and their heckling). For the present, Helen Cary capably supervises the senior coaches and referees, while "Dinny" Raycroft bullies the Junior team. As yet, no arrangements have been made concerning inter-scholastic games, but we're in there pitching.

COACHES AND REFERES

Westdale vs. Normal:

The senior team blithely invited Normal to join them in a game of Basketball, fully confident that it could defeat the Normal girls in a ladylike fashion.

Ha! Unfortunately, Normal produced good basketball material this year. In other words, we lost —by a small margin of course, the score being 45-15. Normal had the superior team throughout the game. Their shots were well aimed and they handled the ball with ease. However, the Westdale girls consoled themselves with the fact that Normal had been playing Basketball since September and after all, this was our first game of this year.

Westdale vs. Burlington:

One brisk February afternoon, Burlington High's Senior and Junior Teams stampeded into the Girls' gym and gave the Westdale teams some stiff opposition. The Burlington girls were short, but their speed and shooting skill made up for their lack in height.

In the junior fray, plays were fast and furious as both teams tallied many baskets. Westdale juniors played well together as a team, and valiantly tried to outscore their opponents. In spite of their efforts, they were finally defeated by the snappy Burlington girls.

The seniors met similar opposition. The score was close throughout the combat, but, as the end drew near, Burlington had the upper hand. As usual, "Flash" McCabe led the Westdale squad, with her tricky shots and "Flashy" ball handling.

Incidentally, this was the same Burlington team which succeeded in winning the Ontario Basketball championship, so our girls didn't feel so badly about losing to them.



Normal vs. Westdale:

A return game with Normal on the Zion floor netted the same results as the previous game.

The Normal girls are tall, terrific and too good for us. They claim that their good luck is due to the presence of their beloved mascot—a wooden turtle named Myrtle. Needless to say, the Westdale girls believe differently.

Fouls frequented the game and were more numerous than baskets. Normal showed their superior skill once more, and their tricky bounce shots baffled the Westdale guards. However, at half-time, Westdale was leading by a slight margin of 1 point. The latter half of the game was a different matter. Normal refused to let Westdale handle the ball and Westdale stood helplessly by while Normal pounded out a 43-11 victory.

Incidentally, the customary energy-providing oranges were replaced by sugar cubes, which failed to sweeten the effects of the numerous fouls.

Westdale vs. Loretto:

Junior and Senior teams tackled similar teams from Loretto, and to the amazement of all concerned, both Westdale teams emerged victorious.

In both games, the Loretto girls experienced difficulty in getting accustomed to Westdale's large gym floor. Nevertheless both teams put up a stiff fight and displayed good sportsmanship throughout the games.

The Westdale girls had little difficulty in finding the basket. Their winning streak persisted until the final whistle blew. This was Westdale's first win this season. We sincerely hope that it won't be the last.



THE STAR GAZER

In reverie, a lonely shepherd dreams
 Upon the glorious beauty of each star
 That sends its twinkling glitter from afar
 And beckons to the soul of man who deems
 Each ray of beauty unexcelled. Great beams
 Of darting and prismatic colour scar
 The canopy of heaven's freckled tar
 With flashing, searing, meteoric gleams.
 He feels a longing which is too sincere,
 A longing that each sleepy shepherd feels
 Who looks too long upon the midnight sky:
 "Why must I stay for ever on this sphere
 And feel sharp stones and weeds beneath my
 heels,
 When comets fly among the stars on high?"

GARY CHERTKOFF, 11-A



Poll of Student Opinion

—ISABELLE GRANT

For some reason, polls of student opinion have a year-to-year appeal. There's always something new to test that magic entity, Public Opinion, with—if it isn't the policies of Uncle Josef, it's the New Look. But this year, apart from the old-timers, a few new questions have been introduced, such as the problem of different school hours and the relative rank of the Comics. This year there's a hodge-podge of topics, but every one is interesting, and every figure is authentic.

1. DO YOU APPROVE OF THE NEW LOOK?

Girls	Boys
Yes 82.4%	Yes 47.9%
No 17.6%	No 52.1%

This question brought rather startling results for a fashion which almost caused a fighting war when it was introduced. It is really approved of by the girls—but def! The boys too, rather surprised us for the vote was almost an even split in spite of much controversy over the never-to-be-forgotten "New Look."

2. DO YOU TRUST RUSSIA?

Yes 8.3%
No 91.7%

Four years ago, Russia was an ally, and this same question was presented to the students: "No" was still in the majority, but only about 60%. It seems that the students of Westdale approve even less now of Comrade Stalin and his colleagues.

3. DO YOU APPROVE OF THE LONGER AUDITORIUMS EVERY EIGHT DAYS AS WE NOW HAVE THEM?

Yes 92.9%
No 7.1%

The result of this vote clearly shows that we the people definitely approve of the longer auditoriums or it may be as one joker replied on his poll, "Now one gets a chance for a good long sleep instead of being rudely awakened when one just gets comfortable." Could be, who knows?

4. WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITE ACTOR AND ACTRESS?

Actor—	Actress—
James Mason	Ingrid Bergman
Gregory Peck	June Allyson
Peter Lawford	Jeanne Craine
Allan Ladd	Betty Davis
Humphrey Bogart	

This poll was taken about two weeks before the Academy Awards were announced and the results were rather startling for Ronald Coleman received

just one vote and Loretta Young wasn't even mentioned. Westdale and Hollywood it seems don't agree on their choice of players. It seems rather significant that an English Actor should lead the men's poll, and with a great majority too, we might add. There were many other English players who rated votes, but not quite enough to rank among the first five. One cause of the growing popularity of the English players may be due to the superior grade of English films we have been getting lately.

Ingrid Bergman was away out in front for the actresses, even though it has been some time since one of her pictures has been released. The boys, though, approve highly of Jane Russell, to whom the girls gave the cold shoulder. (To about seventy-five per cent of those who answered the poll, Miss Bergman's name is INGRID BERGMAN, we got anything from Hingid Boigham to Ingd Bergmint; please!)

5. DO YOU FEEL THERE WILL BE ANOTHER WAR? IF SO, IN HOW MANY YEARS?

Yes 83.9%	Average number of years: 5.1
No 16.1%	

Westdale should rank first place in the optimist club from this result. Many said they thought the war would be about the Palestine question while others believe that war with Russia is inevitable.

6. DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD HAVE A LONGER SCHOOL DAY AND NO HOMEWORK?

Yes 49.1%
No 50.9%

We were certainly split on this question. The Lower School voted almost solid for a longer school day and the Upper School almost solid against it. I guess we all agree we had better leave well enough alone.

7. WHO IS YOUR FAVOURITE COMIC?

L'il Abner
Rip Kirby
Blondie
Ozark Ike
Mary Worth
Steve Canyon.

L'il Abner was away out in front with the majority of his votes coming from the boys. Rip Kirby trailed a poor second backed mostly by the girls. Many of the real old comics like Little Orphan Annie and The Gumps got only a few scattered votes while the newer comics ranked high in popularity.

SPRINGY CEDARS

—HEWAT RICHARDSON

While poking about the smudgy ruins of the Westinghouse dump the other day, we happened to notice an odd-looking gimmick which was later discovered to be none other than that "Thought Recording Machine" so effectively used by the redoubtable Jim Coleman in his column in the *Globe and Mail*. When connected up it wheezed, gurgled, choked, gasped the Pepsi-Cola jingle and, at last in a harsh voice it recounted the following:

"Why I come to this place every week, I don't know. The last two miles into the valley remind me of those old log roads that one reads about in history books. Now to try to park the car in this excuse for a parking lot! That's that, and now for the clubhouse. Guess I'll ski down this hill on the way over. Off we go! Hey, where did she come from; she just about tore my ski pole out of my hand. These women skiers! As if driving cars isn't bad enough, they have to try to learn to . . . Madame, would you mind removing your poles from in front of my face? Thank you. Well, at last it's the clubhouse. I might as well get a ticket for the tow and save some wear and tear on my skis—to say nothing of myself!

Let's see now. Most of the women are over here so I'll go over to the "Punchbowl". Ah, this is the life! Fresh air, sunshine, steep hills to climb and steeper ones to glide down with the grace and poise of an eagle. Look at that character over there. He looks like a good skier. There he goes; guess I was mistaken, he has the grace and the poise of a lame turkey. Well, here's the edge of the "Punchbowl". Wish that little group of women would move. Track! . . . Track! Won't move, eh? Well I'll fix them. Ha, Ha, look at them run now. Wonder if I can pick off the fat one. Oh darn, I missed. Oh, oh, here comes another one of these goofy women skiers. This one seems to think she's Rhona Wurtelle. OW-W-W, she hit me. Who ever said that women belong to the

weaker sex? After this I'll keep my thoughts to myself.

Ah, here is the tow. I hope it's in better working condition than last week. This thing should be called the ski "throw" not the ski "tow". At last, the top of the hill and am I . . . wow! Get a load of the outfit on this gal coming from the tow. She looks like the type that takes the tow up and walks down the hill with her skis tucked under her arms.

This is enough for one day and it's back to the Clubhouse for me. On second thought, think I'll ski down "Echo" to the car park. Boy, this is quite a climb but the view is worth it. What a landscape! She's got blonde hair, too. It's a good thing my wife isn't here. She's too good at reading my thoughts. Oh well, back to the skiing. Down we go. Feel that wind on your face, the gentle undulation as you whizz over the packed snow, the snow spray as you turn sharply; ah, there's nothing like it—Oh, oh, I didn't see that last dip, I'm losing my balance—owww!! That ground is hard. This isn't so much fun after all. This is the only trouble with skiing—I fall too heavily. Well, that does it for to-day, I'm going back to civilization. Let's see if the car will start; it does, and now for the radio. Listen to this:

"Friend, is your back aching? Are you out of sorts with everybody You are? Goody, goody, now you can try some of Louis' Liniment and we'll guarantee that"—click!

"Huh, I'll try some other station. Ah, here's one":

"Hello, girls. This is Fanny Arbuckle with your weekly ski lesson. All ready, then let's go."

Enough of that. I'm just about home anyway. Boy, the man that wrote "Home, Sweet Home" must have spent a day at Springy Cedars. Just watch. I'll probably be the first one out there next Sunday to risk my limbs and life."



THE STARS LIE

—HARRIS McPHAIL

I wandered alone among fond memories still fresh in my mind, and a heavenly bliss enveloped my soul. Love filled my heart with an effervescent joy that bubbled and sang "une chanson d'amour" accompanied by angelic choirs of lovable, adorable, little gems, whose soft, silver melodies flowed through my veins like rare old wine. It came in a mad rush of frenzy to my head and poured into me an exuberance comparable only to an electric shock. The universe was spinning crazily. People laughing gayly were passing me. All creation was delicious with joy; and I was drunk, literally intoxicated, with happiness.

For the stars were spelling out her name to me

while the Princess of the Moon nodded her golden head in quiet approval, and the soft summer breeze was whispering confidentially thru' the trees "she loves you, she loves you . . ."

The world was mine, all mine. Nothing, nothing could be denied to me. I was master of everything, capable of anything. My spirits tore loose from their earthly moorings and soared high into the darkness of the night to gambol along the Milky Way with Nymphs and Spirits of the Magic Night. The joy of living was in my very soul.

The next night I caught her out with another guy.

To heck with the stars! . . . I wish I were dead!

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WESTDALE SECONDARY SCHOOL 1948



SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
				 LOUIS HAJMASY	F. R. CLOSE MARTIN BERENDT	 EARLE DAFOE
BURLINGTON JOHN LINDLEY	 JIM PATTERSON	 DON SUMMERHAYES	 CHARLES BARNES	 BRUCE RENNICK	 BOB MITCHELL	 JIM MACKAY
 DICK CLARK	 BRUCE BAILLIE	 DENNIS FLEMING	 FRED WRIGHT	 HAROLD BARCLAY	 NEIL HARRISON	 LEE MADDISON
 DON MOGG	 DON CATTON	 EDDIE PRESTON	 BOB MACDONALD	 BRYAN MCPHEE	 VIC MASI	 MIKE TAYLOR
McMASTER RON DICKENSON	 JACK VANDUZER	 BOB HEAL	 VIC HAMILTON			

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WESTDALE SECONDARY SCHOOL 1948

SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.	SAT.
		DELTA			CATHEDRAL	
						
		JUNE GERRIE	FLORENCE HAWTHORNE	CAROL CORNER	JEAN MURRAY	MARILYN PETT
BURLINGTON		DUNDAS		NOTRE DAME		CENTRAL
						
MOLLY MITCHELL	PEGGY THOMPSON	SHIRLEY STOUT	SYLVIA PIRIE	PAT FAULKNER	KAY LANGFORD	BERNICE VOELKER
W E S T		D A L E		SALT FLEET		CENTRAL
						
MARILYN RAYCROFT	CATHY HADDOW	DOROTHY SMITH	JOAN WADDELL	CATHERINE JACKSON	ANNA CREED	ANITA SWEET
GRIMSBY		STRATHALLAN		COMMERCE		F. R. CLOSE
						
JACKIE CONSTABLE	ALICE DEMERLING	JOAN RUMNEY	DORIS MANN	JUNE EATON	LILLIAN CLAUSE	ELIZABETH SLYWKA
LORETTO		WATERDOWN		McMASTER		F. R. CLOSE
						
MOLLIE O'BRIEN	LOIS SAUNDERS	PAT DOBSON	GLORIA JOHNSTON	BETTY BATES	NINA TANCOCK	CONNIE GRAHAM

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BOY'S SPORTS

—DENNIS FLEMING

TRACK

On November 21, 1947, the Amateur Athletic Union of Canada wrote finis to the outstanding achievements made by Gordon Haight during the spring and summer of 1947. At this time, Gord was declared first winner of the Viscount Alexander trophy as the outstanding junior male athlete in Canada. Gord topped a field of six of Canada's best junior athletes, including tennis and boxing champs of the West coast. He was selected with an almost unanimous vote because, as well as being a great runner he was a valuable member of Westdale's senior football and basketball teams. Gord's exploits on the track last summer stamped him as an outstanding prospect for Canada's track team which will travel to London, England, to vie for Olympic honours this summer. The men who awarded Haight the trophy did so on good grounds, for he had won almost every major event he was entered in during the entire summer. Beginning in the early spring, Gord won the mile run at the Argyll and Sutherlanders track meet held at the armouries. Two months later, when the outdoor track season began, he won both the mile and half mile events at the high school track meet held at Scotts Park. In the Ontario Junior Meet in Toronto on June 25, Gord won the half mile in handy fashion to equal the Canadian record. With hardly time to cool off, Haight went on the track again for the mile run. Gord set all the early pace in the race, but near the finish with victory within grasp he stumbled under the strain of his previous race and a runner from Ottawa flashed by to cut the Canadian record for the mile by eleven seconds. The next Saturday, he ran his last major race in Eastern Canada when he won the half mile in open competition and the Scottish Games in Hamilton. Travelling out west, Gord finished the season with victories in the Canadian Junior final mile and a half event where in the later he smashed the Canadian record. These victories recounted here were not his only victories, for he ran in the anchor position on Westdale's senior relay team and was on an Eastern Canadian relay team which broke the mile record in the west. For the track season this summer we feel certain that Gord will not only make a position for himself on Canada's Olympic Track team but in doing so, he will bring honour not only to his school and city but to his country.

Another outstanding member of Westdale's track team was the speedy Don Stonehouse who also won almost every race he ran in. At the indoor meet at the armouries last year, Don equalled the three hundred yard record. At the school meet, he won both the one hundred, two hundred and twenty, and four hundred and forty in Intermediate competition, and these same races at the Ontario Junior Track Meet in Toronto. By winning the one

hundred and two hundred and twenty yard race in open competition at the Scottish games last summer, Don stamped himself as one of Canada's leading sprinters. Don also travelled out to Edmonton to run in the Canadian meet, but due to bad luck he strained some leg muscles which prevented him from winning races in which he would otherwise undoubtedly have made a splendid showing.

Other members of Westdale's champion track team were recognized at the Western Relays in London, Ontario, where the mile relay team of Stonehouse, Thompson, Fleming and Haight clipped six seconds from the track record and later in the day Stonehouse, Cuddie, Fleming and Haight again placed first, this time in the medley relay.

In the school meet Pashniah won the one hundred and twenty yard hurdles and came second in the one hundred and two hundred and twenty yard dashes. Fletcher won the intermediate half-mile race and was second in the one hundred and twenty yard hurdles. In senior ranks Gord Thompson won the senior broad jump, John Cuddie won the second in the one hundred and two hundred and twenty yard dashes while Fleming won the senior quarter mile. The senior mile relay from Westdale composed of Thompson, Webb, Elford and Field also won.

This year Haight came to the fore, winning the one thousand yard run in New York in near record time, while he set a new record in Montreal for the five hundred yards. In Hamilton at the Kilties indoor track meet he won the one thousand yards again, while he anchored the winning mile relay team of Stonehouse, Webb, Fleming. Stonehouse at this meet, won six straight races, including the finals in the sixty yard and three hundred yard dashes and leading off for the mile relay team.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL

When Coaches Herb Inman and Charley Toon started work on their Jr. Football team last fall they had five experienced players to serve as a nucleus and a large squad of young hopefuls. An ex-Westdale football player in the person of Doug Connell, soon showed himself and volunteered to assist in the coaching and the hard task of weeding began. It was a tough chore and a great many good boys had to be let go because there is a limit on the number of men that can be carried. All five experienced players, Bruce "Wart" Baillie, Bill Markle, Ed. Davey, Rich Bethune, and George "Buzz" Leyland were line men the year before, but the last two tried their luck on the backfield this year, carrying the freight. After much hard work the team encountered Dundas High School in an exhibition game at the H.A.A.A. grounds where the Juniors played all their games this year.



SENIOR INTERSCHOLASTIC FOOTBALL FINALISTS

Fourth Row—D. Groom (Coach), J. Zwirech, H. McPhail, A. Schlosser, G. Fleming, G. R. Allan.
 Third Row—D. Fraser, E. Shetman, G. Haight, M. Yednoroz, K. Elliott, S. Routsy, P. Revey, W. Tait.
 Second Row—S. Wootton, E. Wright, M. Hreha, F. Wright, D. Fleming (Captain), D. Brand, J. Sanderson, C. Arthur.
 First Row—P. McIntyre, T. Markle, W. Cutler, M. Headon, R. Newton, D. Stonehouse, J. Thompson, B. Wickham, N. Emery.

JUNIOR INTERSCHOLASTIC FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS

Fourth Row—G. Leyland, J. Randle, D. Blackborow, W. Swan, D. Mochrie, H. Northcott, E. Davey, D. McAuley, J. Watson, D. Bell.
 Third Row—R. Bethune, W. Thompson, G. Maloney, T. Woodhouse, W. Riselay, G. Elliott, A. Grycuk, D. Lee.
 Second Row—W. Markle, D. Beasley, J. Mackenzie, J. Syroishko, C. Fraser, H. Lovering, S. Sopranovich, S. Fochuk, R. Yates.
 First Row—F. Costello, H. E. Inman (Coach), B. Baillie (Captain), D. Connell (Assistant Coach), J. Hutton.

It was disastrous for Dundas, with Westdale winning 49-0. The game served to show the coaches weak spots in their team and these were quickly remedied.

The first league encounter was with Tech on October 1st. It was a bitterly contested battle in which Tech scored the first post-war touchdown against Westdale Jrs. in league play. Tech did not have the extra push needed to win, however, and the better conditioned Westdale squad won going-away 11-5.

On October 15, Westdale met their arch-rivals, Delta. This was a rough game, played in damp weather that did not lend itself to a passing attack and most of the play was along the line. This admittedly slowed Delta's attack but not much. Delta crowded the centre of their line and wide bucks were effective for large gains, enabling the Green and Gold to roll to an 18-0 win.

Cathedral provided the opposition in the next tilt on October 22. Good kicking and blocking on the end runs enabled the Westdale boys to better the gains made by the lighter blue and white who chalked up a lot of yardage when they shook loose.

Westdale were riding on top of the league at this point and met Delta in the semi-final on Nov. 4. It was nip and tuck during the first half as Delta were making good gains by running and passing. Their charging middles stopped our wide bucks to slow the Westdale advance as well. Several of our boys complained of the rough play at half time and asked what to do about it, (silly young innocents). They were told that, and a few other things. The rougher second half was wide open with Westdale having a great edge in play, trapping the opposing middles on wide sweeps around end that were good for an average of 12 yards each. McMahon of Delta got a little too free with the usually placid Gerry Maloney in the last quarter. Result? Both were banished for the rest of the game with McMahon looking a little the worse for wear (?), in our opinion. As Westdale took the lead Delta began throwing desperation passes, many of which were intercepted to good advantage by the Westdale backs. "Richy" Bethune gathered in 21 points as the Green and Gold won 33-0.

The final game of the season was played in November with Westdale encountering Tech. It was a very cold day and one Tech lineman was wearing gloves. The first half was very tight, as Tech's heavier line were stopping our plunges and end runs with little gain, but Fraser and Fochuk got good kicks away to make up for it. In the third quarter Westdale opened up and Ed Davey, the only 3-year man on the squad, surprised everyone, including himself, by making two safety touches for 4 points. From there on it was all Westdale who won 22-5. This gave the team a total of 168 points for, and 10 points against the third straight champ. In three years and 19 games Westdale Jr. have scored 3988 points with but 35 being scored on them. This gives them an average of 114 points for everyone scored on them. Quite an average, in our estimation.

WESTDALE CURLING TEAM—1947 - 1948

Contrary to popular belief, curling is not an old man's game. The Hamilton Thistle Club set out to prove this and formed the high school curling league this past winter. Under able leadership of the parent club, the league has produced curling talent in the collegiate teams and created a tremendous enthusiasm for curling among the teen-agers. One of the first rinks formed in this history-making movement was the Westdale four. It was coached all season by Mr. C. W. Cassels and consisted of Charley Cassels (Jr.) "Mike" Cassels, Edgar Davey and Hewat Richardson. Throughout the winter, the battle for the Norman Slater trophy was waged, and, upon removing the ice chips, Don Carnie's Delta rink emerged victorious. Al Murray's Delta rink was second and resting comfortably in third place was the Westdale rink.

Westdale, Delta and Cathedral had the honour of representing Hamilton in the Ontario School-boy Curling Champions held at Guelph on April 1st and 2nd. Thirty-two rinks competed for the championship from all over Ontario. An Orillia team won the championship. Westdale's first game was with Orillia and it was only the combination of a lucky shot for Orillia and the fact that one of Westdale's players broke his glasses at the start of the game that Orillia conquered Westdale by one point. Westdale as well as the other Hamilton entries, became eliminated after several hard games. The experience gained, however, will be invaluable for next year.

This coming year, in response to many requests, Westdale will have two more entries if all goes well. Along with a rink skipped by Charley Cassels, there will be rinks skipped by "Mike" Cassels and Hewat Richardson.

ROYAL CANADIAN ARMY CADETS, 1948

With the coming of spring the R.C.A.C. of Westdale will parade as a battalion in preparation for its annual inspection. Until this time, the three divisions, recruits, rifle team and signals are under separate training programmes.

The recruits consist of the new arrivals to the corps and they are in the process of their basic training; this gives them marching skill and rifle exercises.

The rifle team can again be seen in the long rifle range blowing holes into their microscopic targets on the far wall. We are all looking forward to a repeat performance of their splendid work.

Last but far from least comes the signal corps. This consists of the beginners, second year, and third year advanced wireless. The beginners and second year boys are working on the mastering of the morse code for which they will receive their certificate and their ten dollar bonus. The advanced wireless group are taking their course at the armouries and upon completion they will receive their wireless operator's certificate and, thanks to Central Command, a twenty dollar bonus.

Although the corps is not as large as in the past, it is, however, heading towards a very successful year.



SENIOR BASKETBALL

Back Row—Mike Yednoroz, Art Smith (the "water boy"), Gordon Fleming, Fred Wright.
Front Row—Dave Fraser, Gord Kitchen, Doug Brand (Captain), Tom Markle, Bill Milne.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Back Row—Noel Wade, Bob Fraser, Al Foreman, Cam Fraser, Jerry Urquhart, Doug MacAuley, Bill Markle.
Front Row—George Leyland, Pete McIntyre (Manager), Richard Bethune (Captain), Mr. Slate (Coach), Joe Marko, Norm Duff.

BASKETBALL

In all the years of Westdale Collegiate, no greater senior basketball team has ever been produced than this year's edition of the Dawn Patrol. In league competition not one game was lost by our starry quintet. All in all, only three exhibition games were lost during the year; two at the very start of the season when our team had had only a week's practise, and the other to McMaster University after a string of twelve straight victories. Except for unlucky thirteen, the Dawn Patrol literally swept all oppositions from the courts. Scores like sixty-four to twenty-nine, and seventy-one to twenty-seven were not uncommon throughout the season as the seniors romped to victory after victory.

Leading the team through the year was Captain Doug Brand, a six foot three, fast, capable and experienced second-year man. Other members from last year's senior squad included forwards Dave Fraser and Tom Markle and guards Dennis Fleming and Mike Yednoroz. From the ranks of Senior "B" and Junior came Gordon Haight, Art Smith, Bill Milne, Gordon Kitchen, Gordon Fleming and Fred Wright. These men all worked together to form two tall squads, each with speed, experience, physical balance and sharpshooting. No other team in the league could field two squads as capable as the Dawn Patrol. Westdale's superb condition throughout the year payed off in game after game when other teams could not keep up the pace.

However, the Dawn Patrol had a few close shaves as Cathedral and Central nearly took our

measure towards the end of the season. At Cathedral, the game started out fast as the Irish picked up an early lead. The over-confident west-enders became flustered and drew away from their usually steady game. It was a sad-faced and humiliated Westdale team that left the floor at half time, sixteen points behind the leaders. But the second half was a different story as Canada's outstanding junior athlete, Gordon Haight took the floor, rallied the team and threw in seventeen miraculous points by himself to stave off defeat and win the game for Westdale by a single point. Against Central on Westdale's home floor, the Dawn Patrol pulled out from under a twelve point deficit to tear apart the Central defense and win by three points. Doug Brand and Mike Yednoroz shone for Westdale, both offensively and defensively.

Perhaps one of the finest players that ever wore the green and gold is Doug Brand, this season's captain. With his long, supple frame and good natured air, Doug led the team both in scoring and in strategy. Possessing a beautiful one-hand shot, Doug racked up over two hundred points this year in a very few games to put himself down in Westdale's basketball history along with such others as John Holder, Harry Lampman, John Elford, and Walt Missen. Doug still has at least one more year at Westdale to surpass his remarkable athletic feats.

We are sorry to see so many great athletes graduate from school this year, but we all know that they will carry on the Westdale tradition in Universities across Canada in the future.

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ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

—MISS U. N. OWEN

Ah, Westdale! From without, thy massive walls illustriously rise into the vaulted sky; but within, alas! Sagging forms pace thy halls with heavy steps, their faces haggard, their eyelids drooping, their cheeks so sorrow. Why do they march in single lines like prisoners bound to a ball and chain? Why do they not leap and sing with the overflowing joy that should burst no naturally from youth? I hear a hoarse voice whispering, "Mr. Inman. That's why." Aye, Westdale is full of such brave sons, who, rather than bare their tragedy to the world, blame it on a smaller factor. Exams Huh! They are joy compared to this instigator of stark despair. The truth, revealed is: Westdale is suffering acutely from an epidemic of unrequited love. The chemistry labs are filled with students mixing strange powders and liquids, pitting hope against hope that someday, finally, they will stumble upon the recipe for arsenic which will put them out of their agony. It is to these bleeding hearts that I humbly dedicate this column with the hope that I can show them there are more suitable methods other than arsenic.

Dear Miss U. N. Owen:

I am lonely. I sit by my fireside at night playing solitaire, or poker with grandma. I yearn to go out with boys and dance, and smooch, and park, and all that sort of rot that every normal girl my age is doing. I even use Ponds Vanishing Cream, but I'm still not engaged, not even for one eensy-weensy little night a week, and it's the boys that are vanishing. Oh, help me, before grandma is kicked off to the happy hunting grounds and I have no one to play poker with.

LONESOME.

Dear Lonesome:

My dear girl, this is Leap Year! Each woman for herself.

* * *

Dear Miss U. N. Owen:

I am confronted with a grave problem. Of two very attractive girls I would like to take to the Spring Prom, one has raven black hair and an orange evening dress, the other has red hair and a mauve evening dress. Now, my car is a brilliant red convertible and neither girl has suitable colourings to do it justice. Which girl should I ask? Also, I am at a loss to know whether to wear a pair of red and yellow striped socks, or socks of green, gold, and fushia diamonds with my tuxedo. Please rescue me from my plight.

DESPERATE JOE.

Dear Desperate Joe:

I grant that your problems are tremendous, for you certainly can't let your pride deteriorate to such an extent as to submit to such sickening colour schemes. May I suggest that you either talk your girls into buying grown of a more desirable colour, have your car repainted a delicate robins' egg-blue, or failing all, I (ahem) simply adore red convertibles and happen to be the owner of an elegant black strapless. As for the socks, I do not

see why you hesitate. By all means wear the green and golds, always acceptable, always in good taste.

* * *

Dear Miss U. N. Owen:

I am one of the beautiful sub-debs attending Westdale High, blessed with a brilliant wit and a charming personality. Naturally, boys fall all over each other pestering me for date, but somehow, I have managed to keep the mob down to my favourite twenty. Now, ah glorious rapture, my heart has been captured by a particularly dashing male. Being such a compassionate person, I am completely disarmed by the thought of revealing my love to the other nineteen and so shatter their hearts and forever destroy their faith in the fidelity of womanhood. Bringing despair to the youth of today is my last wish. My problem is this. How can I tell the nineteen unfortunate males of my "one and only," without ruining their lives completely.

COMPASSIONATE.

Dear Compassionate:

I would love to be in your shoes. Imagine all the charm, tact and personality it requires to capture the attention, let alone admiration, of twenty fascinating males. Surely with all your alluring qualities you have sufficient knowledge of the male species to be able to cajole and lure them away from their certain fate of hermitage. It is too bad that bigamy is illegal (or rather, twentomy) for it tends to complicate matters. However, if even you fail, remind them that there are always the Salt Mines of Siberia.

* * *

Dear Miss U. N. Owen:

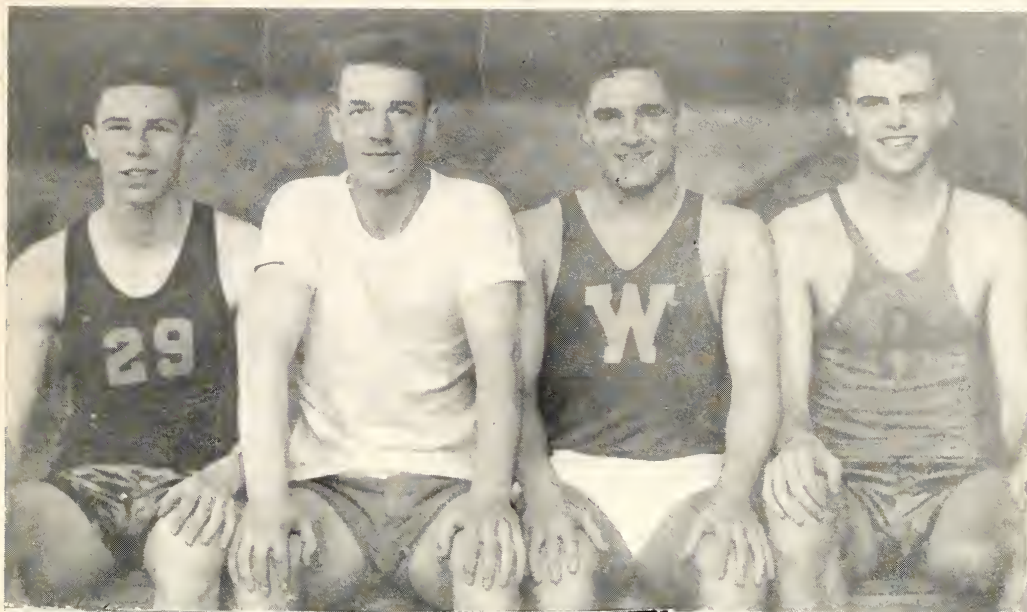
The tragedy that has entered my life is constantly before me, and is dragging me into a melancholic despair. My old steady (whom I still like a great deal) is now wasting his affections on my best girl friend, but she doesn't appreciate him, for her attentions are centered on a certain fellow who follows me around like a shadow, and who is quite oblivious of her. What she sees in him is beyond my comprehension for I have vainly tried to like him and so end this vicious circle. I now beg you to help me. How can I stop this mad merry-go-round?

CONFUSED.

Dear Confused:

Your problem is so common I wonder why you bother to write me at all. It is self-evident that you must dispose of either your shadow or your best girl friend, still more effective, both. There are many means and devices. There is always McKentrick bridge, and never forget the organization now open to all Hamilton women with good references, "The Hatchet Club". Mrs. Dick was just clumsy; I trust you are a smoother operator. Good Luck.

P.S.—It just occurred to me that perhaps this "shadow" is an agent of your best girl friend whose jealousy forces her to dispose of you. Beware!



RELAY TEAM

Haight, Webb, Stonehouse, Fleming.

ADVERTISING STAFF (Left)

M. Almas, N. Best, D. Bond, J. Bowling, B. Campbell, A. Coggins, E. Cox, J. Fox, D. Goodale, S. Hawe, J. Lounsbury, C. Mellema, S. Peacock, R. Rolls, B. Snelgrove, M. Sniderman, J. Stone, M. Taraday, C. Williams.

(Right)—Gordon Haight, winner of the Viscount Alexander Trophy for the outstanding Canadian Junior Amateur Athlete.

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CITY OF EXTREMES

BEVERLEY WOOLMER

City of Contrasts, indeed! Fifth Avenue, worth twenty-thousand dollars per square foot, and, not a mile away, the East River Drive with its many sordid tenements. A single street separates the White Man's town from the famous Negro section called Harlem. Yes, New York, is truly the cross-roads for the people of every creed, race and walk of life.

After spending an all-too-brief four days wandering about Manhattan, I conferred a new name on this Queen of Cities; City of Extremes, I called her. Here can be found the tallest, most ornate buildings in the world rubbing elbows with ruined, down-at-the-heel tenements. Her night clubs are the biggest and most famous and her dives are the "diviest". The lights of her "Great White Way" are the brightest and the candles of her Greenwich Village Cafes are the dimmest. Even her people seemed extreme; from rags to riches.

In spite of this, we succumbed to her charms. There were so many things to see. We saw the famous Frick Mansion with its valuable antiques, contrasted with a visit to a Chinese Mission. If I failed to mention the Radio City Music Hall show, my one hundred and four companions would protest that I had left out one of the most important things of all. The Easter Pageant, breathlessly poignant and beautiful, was only a part of the show in which the famous Rockettes also took part. Along with one of the current movies, the entire performance left us with a most lasting impression of the Big City.

From the Staten Island Ferry we caught our first glimpse of the landmark that means home and liberty to many—the Statue of Liberty. Near her, the Stars and Stripes flew in the stiff breeze and I thought that never more proudly has the Star-Spangled Banner waved, o'er the land of the free, and the homes of the brave.



MUSIC

I am Music!
And since my birth,
The beginning of time,
I have wandered on this earth.
I am everywhere heard,
Carried by people to every land
And in the skies by the wings of birds.
I speak, in every tongue,
Of the wisdom of the graying old
And the strength of the young.
I speak of the healing love
And the mortal hate that is
Beneath the skies above.
I voice the march when Mars goes to feast
And then I rejoice in thanksgiving
That his orgies have ceased.

I serve one as I serve all,
All they need is to call.
I comfort the sick, the despairing,
Speaking of His words
That are ever inspiring.
I bear the messages of glad tiding,
Enlightening the heart where
Sorrow is in hiding.
I inspire lovers to dream
The ideals of the future
In the highest esteem.
I praise the graces of home,
Recalling memories to them that roam.
I am Music, yet the knife
Of Age cannot, my life, sever!
My life is forever and ever!

—MICHAEL LIOTA



* * *
Dancing is wonderful training for girls; it's the first way they learn what a man is going to do before he does it.

* * *
Then we've heard of the mama kangaroo who was very irritated with her child because he insisted on eating cookies in bed.



HEADLINES IN WORLD PAPERS

LEWIS WINS AND LOSES UNION SUIT.—San Antonio Express.

THUGS EAT THEN ROB PROPRIETOR.—Dallas Texas Paper.

DEAD OFFICER ON S.F. FORCES FOR 18 YEARS.—San Francisco Paper.

CARS LEAVE ROAD, SUFFER BROKEN NOSES! —Healdsburg (Calf.) Paper.

OFFER CONVICTED OF ACCEPTING BRIDE.—Raleigh News and Observer.

NIGHT SCHOOL TO HEAR PEST TALK.—Oakland Tribune.

BACHELORS PREFER BEAUTY TO BRAINS IN THEIR WIVES.—Denver Post.

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WALKER

THE SNAKE

I crouched amidst the dew
And watched his throat,
Shimmering with every tint and hue
Of an artists world
He paused,
With unblinking watchful eye.
Could I, for the life of me describe
The magic of his movement?
Silent, haunting,
And filled with mystery.

But he goes on his way
Through interwoven brush,
There is no rush
For best, but every
Ripple of his coat
Is matched, and at last when day is set,
He comes to rest
Where e'er the hush of night,
Has captured him.

—PHILIP MORGAN

A Church Supper

Menu: Turkey: 35c. Chicken or Beef 25c. Children 15c and 25c.

* * *

A Hollywood writer had his car fitted with a short bar through the steering column by which he could direct the machine with his knees; the steering wheel was removable. Spinning merrily through traffic he would complain to the uninitiated passenger of increasing dizziness. After a couple of close shaves, with the joker getting no better, the companion would beg him to pull over.

"I'll be all right," the writer would gasp, then suddenly detaching the wheel, he'd say to his gibbering friend, "Here, YOU take the wheel!"

* * *

Mr. Damude: "I can always tell a Tech student from a Collegiate Student."

Miss Kerr: "How?" (intelligently though).

Mr. Damude: "Simple. One goes to Collegiate, the other goes to Tech."

SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS

James Taylor, Gordon Coggins, Jean Scroggie, Howard Christie, Donna Wallace and Donald Venus.

DOMINION-PROVINCIAL SCHOLARSHIPS

University—Joan Roelofson and Ralph Banner. Grade XIII Collegiate—Vivian Evenden, Harvey Krueger, Lawrence Mothersell, Mary Thompson and Eleanor Davis. Grade XII Vocational—Veronica Colotel, Arlene Kelly and Olga Kostoniuk.

CANADIAN CLUB PRIZEWINNERS

Patricia Cassel, Marie Cauz, Robert Cuncliffe, Clare Chesney, Violet Dimitroff, Lois Frid, Irwin Fuss, Eileen Heaver, Irene Holmes, Faith Lewis, Barbara Mehlenbacher, John Mitchell, Aiko Nishihawa and Muriel Thompson.

BOARD OF EDUCATION PROFICIENCY AWARDS

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HUMOUR

—RAY HILL

OVERHEARD

In the little far-west town the visting preacher passed his hat through the congregation, since there was no regular collection plate. It came back—empty! The deacon turned the hat up to show its emptiness to the crowd, and then offered the following prayer: "Oh Lord I thank Thee that I got my hat back from this congregation."

* * *

Rastus: "What yo' call it when a gal gits married three times, biology?"

Mose: "Boy, yo' sho' am an ignoramus! When she gets married two times, dat's bigotry. When she gets married three times, dat's trigonometry."

* * *

Elderly Passenger (to man smoking on H.S.R.): "If you were my husband, I'd give you poison."

Murphy: "Well, mum, if you wuz me wife, I'd take it!"

* * *

We like the birthday gift that McTavish, in Glasgow, sent to his friend, McPherson, in Aberdeen. The present was a homing pigeon.

* * *

Two Englishmen sat quietly in their easy chairs in the quiet of their club. One looked up from his Times and murmured, "I say, old man, I was terribly sorry to hear about your wife."

"Eh? What's that, old chap?" (looking up from his own copy of the Times).

"I mean," explained number one, "that I'm terribly sorry to hear they buried your wife yesterday."

"Oh, yes," agreed the other, preparing to return to his paper. Then as an afterthought: "Had to, you know. Quite dead."

* * *

And speaking of Englishmen, we've heard that the way to make one of the blighters happy in his old age is to tell him a joke when he's young.

* * *

"Well, well, Dad," said the Westdalite breezily. "I just dropped into the old office to say hello."

"That's fine, son," said the elder, "but your mother and sister just dropped in to say hello, and they took all I had."

* * *

Miss Dixon: "Tom Lowden, will you tell me what it is when I say 'I love, you love, he loves?'"

Tom paused for a moment, and then answered: "That's one of them triangles where somebody gets shot."

* * *

Speaking of doctors, did you hear the one about the man who followed the medical profession? No, he wasn't exactly a doctor, but he was an undertaker.

In a Drugstore—

I wouldn't cash a cheque for my own brother, sir.

Well, I guess you know your own family best.

* * *

At a Baptism—

Minister: "His name, please."

Proud Mother: "Randolph Morgan Montgomery Alfred Van Christopher McGoof."

Minister (to assistant): "A little more water."

* * *

In the Woods—

Don't you know habbits are out of season right now?

But I had to shoot this one. It was just plain self-defense.

* * *

In a Department Store—

Could I interest you in a bathing suit, sir?

You sure could, baby, but my wife is just over at the glove counter.

* * *

At a Play—

See that redhead? I understand she's celebrating her eighteenth birthday.

Well, better late than never.

* * *

At the Ballpark—

Daddy, what do they do with a ballplayer when his eyes fail him?

Why, they make an umpire of him.

* * *

At a Sad Movie—

I think the audience is ready to cry . . .

Sure, the balcony is in tiers now.

* * *

On a Muddy Road—

Darn it, horse, giddyap! . . . Come on, move! . . . x&z?!\$, if you don't giddyap, I'll drive this cart right over you!

* * *

At a Track Meet—

Him a high-jumper? Don't make me laugh—He can hardly clear his throat!

* * *

In a Courtroom—

"Gentlemen of the jury, the plaintiff called my client, Mr. Murphy, a dirty Irish scoundrel. Now, Mr. Olson, I ask you, what would you have done if he had called you a dirty Swedish scoundrel? Or Mr. Goldstein, if he had called you a dirty Jewish scoundrel? Or any of you gentlemen, if he had called you the kind of dirty scoundrel you all are?"

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Also in a Courtroom—

Your Honour, give me a sentence with the word
suspended in it.

* * *

In a Dundas bus:

"Excuse me, madam, but do you wish to go to
Dundas?"

"No. I have to."

* * *

In the Jungle—

First Cannibal: "Have you seen the dentist
around?"

Second Ditto: "Of course. Why, he filled my
teeth at dinner."

* * *

In a Dentist's—

There's no need to shout, make faces, and wave
your arms around, sir. I haven't even touched your
tooth yet.

I know, but you're standing on my foot.

* * *

At a Street-corner Accident—

All right, let me have your name!

Sure, and it's on the side of me wagon, ye lunk-
head!

Go on with ya, it's obliterated.

Ye're not even close. It's O'Brannigan!

* * *

In a Railway Station—

Elder: "Brethren, we is gathered here to say
good-bye to our preacher, Brudder Johnson, who
has been our preacher for fifteen years. But Brud-
der Johnson is leaving shortly for Shelbyville, and
as you know ah've been appointed to present him
with a little momentum . . ."

* * *

In a Hospital Ward—

Father Ryan: "And when you were near Death's
door, did you feel afraid to meet your Maker?"

Houlihan: "No, your reverence. It was the other
gentleman I was afraid of!"

* * *

In a Death-Cell—

Said the gangster's lawyer: "Do you realize that
you're facing the electric chair?"

Returned the thug: "I'm not afraid to face it. It's
sitting down in it that gets me."

* * *

In Turkish Bath—

Head No. 1: "You know, I've always had to make
my living by my wits."

Head No. 2: "Oh well, half a living is better than
none."

* * *

This caddy of mine is a thief! I think he's trying
to steal this new ball of mine.

Well, I wouldn't putt it past him.

* * *

First Actress: "Is it true that you're going to
divorce your husband?"

Second Actress: "Of course not! Why, I hardly
know the man."

I shot my dog last week.

Was he mad?

Well, he wasn't exactly pleased about it.

* * *

Wife (reading from the paper): "Here's an old hen they've found with two hearts!

Husband: "Yeah? Well that's something. I played bridge with her last night."

* * *

Farmer: "And this is a tobacco plant in full flower."

Citified Westdalite, working for the summer: "And when will all the cigarettes be ripe?"

* * *

Asked a tough of his pal, "Whatta ya think o' the fight last night?"

"Nuts to that," said the other, "If me and the missus put up a show like that on Saturday night, the kids 'd boo us outta the kitchen!"

* * *

There's a guy who makes money hand over fist. Capitalist?

Naw. Prizefighter.

* * *

You know, that young farmer who goes to Westdale tried to kiss me last night! He said he'd never kissed a girl.

And you let him.

Don't be silly! I told him I was no agricultural experiment station.

* * *

An old horse and a young horse were talking in their stable. The older asked the young to let him win this race, so he'd be given a good home for the rest of his life. Otherwise they'd probably sell him to a glue factory. But the younger wouldn't because he hated being given the saliva test. Finally, a dog in the stable turned to them, saying, "Aw, be a sport. Let him win just this one."

Thereupon the old horse was astonished: "Of all things! Here's a dog that can talk!"

* * *

Mother (over phone): "Come quick, doctor. My baby's swallowed a bottle of ink."

Receiver voice: "Incredible!"

Mother: "Oh, no, doctor. Indelible!"

* * *

"Look here," snapped the irritated chess wizard, "you've looked over my shoulder for the last three hours! Why don't you get a game yourself?"

"Aw," drawled the kibitzer, "I ain't got the patience."

* * *

I always like the tale of the drunk who put a penny in a parking meter, looked up at the City Hall clock, and roared, "Ye Gawds! I've lost twenty pounds!"

* * *

What's that fullback's name!

Osscowsinkivitsy.

Great! I'll put him in the game and get even with those papers.

* * *

"Glad to meet you," said the Hindu.

"Charmed, I'm sure," replied the snake.

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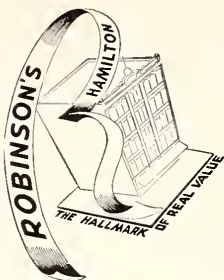
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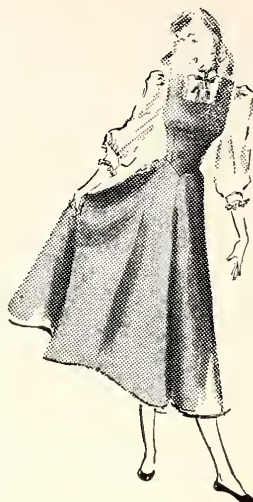
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Don Johnstone: "Didn't you tell me you hunt bear?"

Jim Hammond: "You wrong me, I always wear a hunting outfit."

* * *

Sunday School teacher to Margo Donnelly: "Now, Margo, what can you tell me about Goliath?"

Margo: "Goliath was the man David rocked to sleep?"

* * *

Mr. Traves walked into his room, and noticing Bob Forsythe was chewing technicolor bubble gum, and also noticing his feet were in the aisle, he said angrily: "Forsythe, take that gum out of your mouth, and put your feet in!"

* * *

Imagine Mr. Cowan's shock when, as the class ranged from the exciting history period, Jerry Maloney put up his hand to ask the question: "Exactly, where is St. Louis anyway?"

A little voice at the back room, which was later identified in the after four history class, as that of Mike Semak, declared: "St. Louis is playing the Dodgers in Brooklyn."

* * *

"Who's calling?" was the answer to the telephone.

"Watt."

"What is your name, please?"

"Watt's my name."

"That's what I asked you. What's your name?"

"That's what I told you. Watt's my name."

A long pause, then, from Watt: "Is this James Brown?"

"No, this is Knott."

"Please tell me your name."

"Will Knott."

Whereupon they both hung up.

* * *

Howell: "What shall I do, I have water on the knee?"

Mary Morwick: "Wear pumps."

* * *

Mr. McKnight asked Harvey Cook what was the shape of the earth. Harvey then intelligently (for a change) said it was round. "How do you know?" said Mr. McKnight.

"All right then, it's square, I don't want to start an argument about it!"

* * *

Mr. Fee: "Spell straight."

Stew Green: "S-t-r-a-i-g-h-t."

Mr. Fee: "Alright, what does it mean?"

Green: "Without ginger ale."

* * *

Miss Spera: "Where was the declaration of Independence signed?"

Breckon: "At the bottom, I guess."

* * *

Mary Rose sat on a rose.

Mary Rose.

Not much sense to this one, but there's a lot of feeling.

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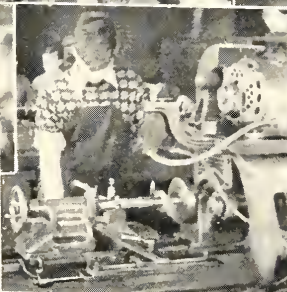
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Hamilton and its newspaper, The Spectator, came into being together over a hundred years ago. They have weathered fair days and foul, and each has left its imprint upon the other. They are such old friends now that it is impossible to understand the story of Hamilton's growth without knowing the story of The Spectator too. And similarly, the atmosphere and character of Hamilton have found their way into the very heart of its newspaper.

The first copy of The Spectator tells how the arrival of the Steamer Britannia from England made it possible to give news of the old country which was only a month old. Now, a princess is married and readers see her pictured at the altar where she stood that very morning, and columns are filled with descriptions by the world's leading writers as rapidly as they wrote three thousand miles away. Clicking wires and cables, pulsing radio waves and the still-amazing miracle of Wire Photo have brought the whole world within the compass of a page of newsprint.

Old, yet growing younger every day, The Spectator has striven to keep upon the very crest of journalist progress. Its news services span continents and seas — The vast Associated Press feeds its scores of thousands of words daily into the telegraph room, the colourful United Press provides a further searching coverage

of the world scene; The Canadian Press, with its eyes upon every corner of the Dominion keeps readers informed of what goes on from Ottawa to the tiniest crossroads.

These great sources of news have been supplemented by The Southam News Services, with their bureau in London tapping the world news resources of the supremely-authoritative London Times, their Ottawa bureau staffed by experienced parliamentary and political writers, and their Washington headquarters interpreting the American scene for Canadian readers.

An alert staff of reporters and cameramen faithfully depict the daily events, the lives of Hamiltonians as they are spent from hour to hour. The great incidents, the big fires, the grim tragedies, the declarations of the great or near great find their place side by side in the columns with those simple and kindly events which affect more intimately the daily routine.

Pure entertainment is not neglected. When comics were first drawn, Buster Brown and Little Nemo made their merry way into The Spectator and the parade has grown in size since. Al Capp dreams up Li'l Abner and he soon is seen in such company as Orphan Annie, Ozark Ike, Mary Worth, Miki, Joe Palooka and the rest.

In Sport The Spectator provides probably more extensive coverage today than ever before, from the corner lot contest up to a World Series game.

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The Hamilton Spectator

The delivery of the first of some lend-lease American locomotives to Britain during the war was the occasion for a ceremony. Since the big engine was stripped of all but essential parts, the English, with typical modesty, named it "Austerity."

Strangely enough, the American workmen where it was built had called it for the same reason "Gypsy Rose Lee." (That's what they call different trains of thought).

* * *

A young woman buying stamps in a Chicago post office found that chivalry isn't dead yet. When she dropped a paper from her purse, it fell directly in front of the man next to her, who politely raised his hat and kicked the paper over to her, making it easier for her to pick it up.

* * *

Three deaf old ladies travelling in an open tram, produced the following irrelevant conversation:

"Have we come to Wembley yet?"

"Why, we're past that. To-day's Thursday."

"You are? Well so am I, so let's get off here and have something to drink."

* * *

In the Teens Canteen:

W.W. (Westdale wolf): "Haven't I met you some place before?"

C.C. (Central cutie): "No doubt. I've often been there."

* * *

The hotel was astounded to see a man parading in the lobby in pajamas. Approached by the clerk, the man apologized, "I'm sorry, but you see I'm a somnambulist."

"Well," sneered the clerk, "you can't walk around here like that no matter what your religion is."

* * *

Mr. Roberts claims that some of his musicians play the piano just like Heifitz—under the chin!

* * *

The Turkish jester, Naz-Tee Mann, was approached by a neighbour who wished to borrow his camel's hair rope.

"It's no use," said Naz. "Even now I have ten gallons of water tied up in it."

"That's silly! How can you ever tie up water in a rope?"

"Friend," replied the Turk, "Allah is mighty, and permits us to do strange things with a rope when we do not wish to lend it."

* * *

A bee's stinger is only 1/16 of an inch long. The other two feet is purely imagination.

* * *

Mr. Styles: "If you subtract 5x from 10x, what's the difference?"

Donna Kemp: "Yeah, that what I say, I think it's a lot of foolishness, too."

* * *

"Well, old man, times are tough, but I suppose your business isn't affected too much. Can you still afford that penthouse?"

"Oh, yes, somehow I've managed to keep a roof under my feet."

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ROOM NEWS

—CHUCK WILLIAMS

9-C

WE WONDER . . .

If Sanderson misses Donna?
If Davis is as quiet as he seems?
Who likes "Squibb", Georgia or Beverly?
Who Mary Joan is?
If Carnahan still wants to go to Loretto because Pat goes there?
What Marilyn would do without David, or vice versa?
Why Margot is always up on the third floor. Is Bob there?
Who "Don" is, Beatrice?
Who "Frankie" is, Tana?
Does Barbara Campbell like "Jim"?
How Marg Hatch is doing with Sandy?
If Lois Baskin really doesn't like Howard?
Who the boy is whose picture is in Barbara Suley's math book?

PET SAYINGS . . .

Anne Woodward — "Oh, heck!"
Joan — "I don't think I'd better."
McCrimmon — "Tell Mitchell I want him."
Gloria — "Shiver my timbers."
Mitchell — "Want some gum?"
June — "Gee, I don't know if I can."
Lois Frid — "I thought it was easy, didn't you?"
Powell — "Are you looking for a fat eye?"
Tomlinson — "I've never played hookey in my life." (Hal Hal)
Jill — "Do you want to?"
Crawford — "Hey, Butch."

9-D

FAVOURITE SAYINGS . . .

Jean McCluskey — "Horrors!"
Margarit Lang — "Gad!"
Katherine Hawkin — "Cats!"
Pat Cassel — "Oh it's you, son!"
Jane Osborne — "Oh, for PETE's sake."
June McCurley — "Lay off."
Jean McAuley — "Oh, crumb."
Verna Jeffrey — "Ya queer!"
Mary Pratt — "Wouldn't that rot your socks?"
Christine Wilson — "More fun!"
Marilyn Tarraday — "Ditto."
Helen Bryk — "Oh, you card!"
Nancy Sinn — "Oh, you drool!"
Margaret Purcell — "Gee winkers!"
Arlene Lampman — "Holy cow!"
Dorothy Bertrand — "Well, hardly!"
Janet Laughren — "Heavenly days!"
Jo Anne Johnson — "Nuts!"
Anne Woodley — "Aw, shucks!"

Canniff here is large of feet,
While Martin's joints never meet.
Hubert, too, is known for grease,
But not for pants that have a crease.

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO SEE . . .

Fred Peterson — Awake.
Sylvia Cleland — At school.

9-E

We're the class in this school of ours,
Upon which every teacher showers —
Names and accusations by the dozens;
Not that we don't come by it,

'Cause our classes are a riot,
I wonder what would happen, though —

If we had to do without —

Danahy's own concealed self,

And Eager's turned-up snout;

And that cute little pep-kid Garry Jarrett,

Who's always willing to grin and share it.

And then there's Gladys Cameron,

(Mr. Le Roy's pride and joy),

Her one and only thought is — "If I only was a boy."

And last but not least in our list of examples —

Of morons and idiots and other such samples;

Is dear little Armes, whom no one can trample.

And so a resumé of our class

Our one and only thought is WE HOPE WE PASS!

9-F

Barndhardt — Garage attendant.
Bell — Stands first in the class.
Braithwaite — Curly, hails from the farm.
Lisso — Famous hockey player.
James — Red-head, also hails from the farm.
Spademan — Speedster in typing.
Gibbons — Water boy for Tigers.
Massey — Keeps us up to date on jokes.
Stewart — Boy Scout.
Elder — Crew hair cut.
Freedman — Our moneyman.
McRulley — Plays in school orchestra.
Stone — Class representative.
Critchon — Our joking "hopeless" case.
Covill — Our sick boy.
Steepe — Our star singer from London.
Raspberry — Tries too hard.
And last, but not least, Mr. Noad, who will take a joke and help you out.

9-H

JUST IMAGINE . . .

Joyce B. not thinking of Geordie for one minute.
Joan L. not being up on the third floor.
Beverly B. not combing her hair.
Helen G. not asking for your homework.
Joyce D. not saying: "I'm on a diet."
Ella G. not giggling.
Ruth H. not saying: "Drop dead."
Shirley F. not laughing in English.
Winnie and Lois not hanging around the drinking fountain at noons.
Delores wearing the new look.
Jane not thinking about those carnations she got for the Prom.
Helen not using such big words.
Olive Tarry not thinking about B.H.
Girls in 9H not singing in the gym.

9-J

WE WONDER . . .

If Evelyn and Don have had an argument?
If Reta is still trying to get Arthur out of her system?
Why Jean likes hanging around Room 335.
What Marie and Harold were doing around the corner?
How Peggy and L.B. are coming along?
When Molly and Gord will not JIVE in a crowd?
If Joyce will make up her mind which boy it will be?
If Margarete will make up her mind if its Larry or Doug?
Why Feather stands at the window in our hall and looks into the room below ours?
What the girls would do if Sally made up her mind about Harry?
What Helen would do if a certain boy in 10-AA really got mad and didn't speak?
If our mysterious Kay goes steady?
What the girls in 9-J would do if Ruth didn't know all the answers?
Who will win Danny — Vicky or Lena.
If there ever will be a time when Sally, Evy and Molly aren't at the end of the line.

10-AA

Bailey — Oh! what a kid;
Wessley Barns, a brain,
Cramm — need I continue?
Ajax Findelson called Pee-Wee,
Good or good for nothing.
Moir with face like a beet.
Ralph — Ritchie — Rowson and Ried, basketball players.
Sanderson (Mac) our big Scottish boy.
Spenseley, our track star.
Stradwick who is known both wide and far.
Girls:

Why is Jane so Eager to come to school?

Why is Alice so interested in Tech?

Marg seems very Frank nowadays.

The only time Ann's locker is without Joe is during school.

Is Donna's coming late caused by lack of sleep?

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Has Dorothy conquered Archery yet?
What is the attraction at the Cellar Club, Gerry?
Who is Joan's Good Fellow?
Could Ann's interest in Kingston be the Penitentiary?
Who tells Jean the good jokes?
Who likes Ruth's hair curling in the rain?
Has Thelma's homework "Warren" her out?

10-A

WHAT WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE IN 10-A . . .
MR. INMAN taking a Bender.
ORR without a detention from MR. COWAN.
FRENCH with both eyes open.
COLTARTS without LOW.
LIEBERMAN singing soprano.
BOH with a feathercut.
FOX in the room before 8.59.
SMITH getting less than 99.
BRADEN getting 100 in French.
BELLA beating DAVIDSON (in exams that is).
TAYLOR not taking after her brothers.
COGGINS not dreaming about Roy.
10-A leaving MR. LEE'S at 4.00.
MR. TOON omitting history questions just once.
10-A winning a basketball game.
LAIDLER being here for a week at a time.
HAMILTON being chummy with CLUCKIE.
MURRAY not saying "Sir" after every word.
ROLLS with a straight face.
MR. STYLES spelling parallel with 4 1's.
HAWKEN with a detention.
PAT without a boy from out of town.
BINKLEY working.
BETTYMAE finding a "Muldoon".
COOPER dancing ballet.
LILLIAN without LILA.
BEVERLY putting on weight.
10-A silent for 60 seconds.

10-B

Anne — For Whom the BELL Tolls.
Betty — Come Rayn-er come shine.
Bernice — dream — China on Saturday night.
Carol — Past, Dave; Present, Dave; Future, Dave.
Dale — The light has Don-ed.
Diane — Studying trees — Oakes, that is.
Marilyn — Freddie's are popular.
Mary — Ready for Freddy.
Mary — What's keeping her warm? — Cole.
Georgina — Occupation, Byer.
Harris — Dream man of 10-B.
Hazel — "Smoke gets in your eyes."
Mochrie — Walking Paisley to a Head.
Richardson — Some day she'll come along."

10-C

This little poem, we must confess,
Is not the worst, but not the best;
We'll give you news about 10-C,
The class that haunts room two-one-three;
There's "Luke", who says: "What am I doing now?"
And Baker who's always wondering, "Hovr"?
The two glamour boys of our class are
Howell and Glennie, hockey and track stars;
Then there's Donna, our green-ey'd redhead,
And Marlene who always with Latin is fed (up)
Sonya's the girl with magnetic attraction,
Then there's the girl who looks up to date,
But tell me, boys, "Does she really rate?"
Canton's the boy with the illustrious brain,
And we have two Wrights, Iris and Ann,
And Marg and Martha (Peter Lawford fans)
The rest of our class, too numerous to mention,
Spend most of their life in Msth, detentions.

10-D

JUST IMAGINE . . .
Miss Kerr walking to school.
Doug getting into class on time.
Ruth not saying: "you should never a done it."
Knap on good terms with Mr. McKnight.
Donna not being able to spell "Hamilton".
Gerry, Bill and Ron not getting into trouble.
Pat not talking about Texas.
Ted with a brush-cut and Gord with long waves.
Audrey not on All-Star Teams.
Ron not talking to Joan E.

Brechin not speaking out in Science.
 Gilbank and Moore walking down the hall together.
 Cole not waiting for Johnny.
 Peter playing the flute.
 McNichol not having Latin done.
 Joan W without homework done.
 Elenor not talking about "her man".
 * Currie and Dwyer failing this year.

LITTLE THINGS . . .

Do you think Harvey and Dave will flunk Science?
 Please Marg Study, — boat, remember?
 Who do Clara, Scotty, Jean and Shirley go to choir, singing
 or otherwise?

10-E

M. Allan — How is A. L. lately?
 B. Axelsson — Nostra gemina.
 J. Charter — Are Simcoe's boys as nice as Westdale's?
 D. Duff — New look.
 J. Dwyer — Our mathematician.
 V. Gemmell — Remember Leap Year E. M. (H.C.C.I.).
 J. Jarrett — Our square dancer.
 J. Kerr — Which Warren — Lynn or Jim?
 M. Langley — Dancing in the dark.
 J. McMurray — Pancakes a la Byrne.
 R. Smith — A spider always gets caught in her own web.
 P. Thompson — What happened to E. G.?
 J. Warren — What does Joyce teach her Brownies?
 D. Sullivan — And now comes the Dawn.
 Bridge — Dobrus helps him keep his mind on B. A.
 Browning — Our Ding-Dong leader.
 Canniff — Where does he get those jokes?
 Cardno — Why is he always worried about what Barbara A. is
 doing?
 Fortuna — Still like "Les Canadiens"?
 Fujino — Celebrated violinist.
 Kawai — Tall, dark and handsome.
 Lees — Modest typing.
 Noonan — How does he attract the women?
 Nye — Where's your harem to-day?
 Shoats — Quiet brains!
 Smith — What! No girls around?
 L. Warren — Bubbles, bubbles, bubbles.
 Watanabe — How does he get those 90's?
 Watts — Where do you hide the girls?
 Cooke — Six foot two of muscle, flesh and brains.

10-G

JUST IMAGINE . . .

Jean A. without gum.
 Anita last in the class.
 Georgina not saying: "Come on kids, pay up."
 Vera not saying: "My hair is a mess."
 Josephine with her hair straight.
 Dolores not on an all-star team.
 S. Earle getting 100 in shorthand.
 S. Horning with no boys around her locker.
 Jean M. not questioning teachers.
 Audrey not singing in Geog. class.
 Donna being short and stubby.
 S. Ennett not talking about Grennon.
 Isabelle not having a new beau each week.
 Doris wearing a sweater she didn't knit.
 Sarah not trying on everybody's coat.
 Mary M. being loud and noisy.
 Margaret not saying "Know any new jokes?"
 Margurite being tall and slim.
 Esther playing basketball without getting a shiner.
 Stella doing math in math period.
 Marion not giggling.
 June not reading her books upside down.

10-H CLASS NEWS

For here is the news from 10-H,
 The class all teachers fear.
 First there's Jill, our dreamer,
 Then Peggy our brain,
 Then June the girl with the troubles.
 Now don't forget Siddal, Albert and Bob,
 Who sit all day long and blow bubbles.
 Our Evie in French is really a whiz.
 And Tosh supplies with ink.
 While Shirley, a Webb fan is really acute,
 Arlene with Johnny also looks cute.
 We wonder who teaches Audrey to type,
 And how Debby gets all her baskets.
 Or if Joan will ever stop thinking of How,
 And why Shirley goes to Burlington now.

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16-18 McNAB ST NORTH

Our Marilynne and Colleen sure seem to have fun
And Maxene McDermitt makes poor Pee-Wee run
Where does Diane get all of her men?
And where did Agnes meet Jim?
We wonder if Barb's hair will ever go straight
Or when will Glad fall for some Tim.

10-M

BOWMAN'S favorite pastime is reading poetry in machine shop and nursing a grudge against women in general.
BURN is one of those boys in 10-M who always has his homework done and if in a good mood might lend it to an unfortunate classmate (Kempster).
EVANS is a good kid (if you like kids) who is always telling the motors teacher about a new motorcycle he saw in a magazine.
KEMPSTER is a bothersome little cuss who is always mooching a weed or being chased around the shop by a fourth form student.
LAFTHOUSE is another pest who is either bothering Bowman when he is doing his Math homework, or beating up Nuttall who is twice his size.
NUTTALL'S pet ambition is to be a machinist in N. Slater. He'll end up in Slater's alright, pushing a broom.
RASBERRY is from Carlisle and Mr. McDermid wishes he had stayed there. His ambition is flying jet planes but he'll probably end up flying kites.

10-T1

We wonder if Harry Baker's antics go over with Betty.
Does Gerald Bimson prefer reading books to dating Barbara?
Why did Joan drop Harry Bray after our weiner roast?
Why did Peggy Harris quit? Bryant perhaps?
Vic. Cameron—Why did they stop walking the halls?
Does Ciupy prefer a Packard to a Pontiac?
Morris Gold has strong will-power.
Dating Marie and Thelma is making Douglas poor.
Jermy is interested in Nature Study, especially "weeds".
Will Kozelecki grow up like Mr. D., or will he reform?
Ray Leist should see "Mad Man" Muntz for a trade-in.
Lewis—Dear Chris: Why do you act like this?
Between bridge and a book Manchuck misses the new look.
Marco—Long hair and violin go together.
We hear Boliver is quite a "LUSH" basketball player.
Pashniak didn't make the track team. Could it be Beverly Potter or "weeds"?

Will Shirley Emery write any more notes for Preston?

10-T2

We wonder who Mary Carr's interested in. She doesn't let us know.
We wonder why Mary Pucks squeaks. Does she squeak at Johnny?
Could it be that Thelma Moore likes somebody in 10-T1?
Why doesn't Ruth Dorman grow? For Sylvia Packer you know, of course, it's Johnny.
Connie Gladman's favourite song is "I'd Be Lost Without You." Bob mavbe?
When Alice Collins is minding kids, are they sixteen months or just sixteen?
We wonder why Beverly Potter always stands in the corner at the Canteen. Is it to hide her dimples from a certain R. W.?
We can't keep up with Joan Scott. Who's her latest? Why she's always Rush(ton) out to Dundas?

10-T3

AMBITIONS . . .

KHUN—Make ATLAS look puny.
BORIS—Class standing—second (from last).
WINTER—School janitor with a Degree.
MORRISON—To do his French (by himself).
WILSON—Sleep all day.
NELSON—See more of a certain person.
STAN—Pass this year.
McCORMICK—Run on the track team.
EVANS—Learn to swim.
GREEN—To be a horse doctor.
FOLLIET—Do his own Algebra.
SHEPPARD—Build his own car.
HEAVEN—Sheppard's chief mechanic.
ZASADA—To lock DOWN at Mr. L.
WILLIAMSON—Have his own school bus.
IBBITSON—Build an electric chair.
GREENHOW—To keep hair out of his eyes.
HARWOOD—To be Admiral in Royal Canadian Navy.
McINTYRE—Play good basketball.
MASKEL—Another Einstein(?)
PUSKAS—Own the Government Mint.

11-A

Marg Ross — A real wholesome girl.
Why does Joyce love DOUGHnuts?
That American beauty we see about the halls these days is
Betty Bahner.

11-A boasts of two famous tennis athletes — Joan Mulveney,
holder of the City Girls Championship and Beasley, ball
boy of the Thistle Club.

We wonder when B. C. will make his first million selling egg-
beaters?

Is Board's favourite number negative 103?

How does Thompson get all those pinks slips — pull down in
the office?

We hope Turk never gets Board in New York.

11-B

Little MARG was standing GRACEfully on the BRIDGE one
day, overlooking the BROOK(S) when she saw her RUTHless
GERRY LOVERING someone else. SHIRLEY he didn't love that
girl! She had WARRENED him about that sort of thing before.
Now she had to MARSHALL her thoughts. By Jiminy, he
wouldn't get away with this! She BETTY would come to her
house and 'CROFT up some excuse. ANDY did!! He WAD-
DELLED down to the BARBARA shop to get his hair cut, and
then to the florist to buy her some MORRIS ROSE's. (To be
perfectly FRANK . . . he sent the BILL to his mother.) When
he SCRUNCHED up the gravel path, he got MORGAN he bar-
gained for. She had DOUG. up some excuse, too. She was
going to RETA while, then go to bed. She said he was just
a smartALEC and anyway, she liked BIGGAR roses, although
deep in her heart she reJOYCED! WIL, SON as she finished
sulking, she found that this was the DONNAing of a perfect
friendship.

11-C

TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW . . .

Pat Laidman will be chaperoning weiner roasts.

Mevis and Tom will be successful ranchers.

Ray Hill and Mr. Cowan will be pals. (That's a joke, son.)

Eleanor Knapp will have all the chocolate bars she wants.

Our room news wouldn't be complete, if we didn't offer
our thanks to Miss Mitchell for those very charming days in
the library. We wish to thank her for her humorous jokes, and
also for her timely French assignments.

11-D

This is a poem about eleven D.
All little bright lights like Lowden and Fee,
There in the corner puff Hammond and Bill
While Joan does her homework for Charlie and Hill
Lois and Grace, our basketball rave,
Re-play all their games for Walter and Dave.
Our two great stars are Salt and Lenore
Who keep Wilde and Patter from getting too bored.
Bethy and Bob have made it a team,
Freddie and Johnstone let off all their steam.
Elliot's bright smile proved so much of a glare
Wilson and Pat now glasses must wear.
Eileen for Cooper has taken a fall,
Paddy and Bob are behind the eight-ball.
Gartley to Gerry is making a pass,
Someone breaks in with shattering of glass
Frankie's the lad who makes everyone laugh
(And nothing will rhyme — except maybe calf.)
Barbara and Sandra and Marjorie, too,
Join into bidding you a fond "Adieu".

11-E

UTTERLY FANTASTIC SITUATIONS . . .

Swan, Blackborrow and Murrell with a wolfish gleam in
their eyes.

Eileen coming to school without Eddie.

W. R. Bond failing an exam.

Doris and Bette not talking in Latin.

Ross and Riselay coming to school.

Marg not sleeping in Algebra.

Diane Sullivan coming to school at eight-thirty.

Larry attending to Larry's affairs only.

RIGHT AROUND HOME . . .

Duffy never could explain those red smudges on his green
sweater.

What gives Selma that knowing look — Oshawa?

Bethune is a quiet little boy but seems to know his way
around.

June has high ambitions six feet four at least. Ditto for
Donna — Hill tops of perfection.

Why has Nancy suddenly turned to GREENer pastures?

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Dave is always blushing. Does he know too much for his own good?

Have Howard and his "quick getaway car" anything to do with the boys regular but mysterious absence third period Tuesday.

11-F

WE WONDER . . .

Does Jim Scott really go out with all the girls he brags about?

If the Redhead of Ann K's has anything to do with her dazed expression?

If Ruth Bethley ever takes time out from studies for pleasure?

If Betty D. will ever find out who tore who's trousers on what fence?

11-F's Blonde Darling — Beverley Godwin. (What did you say, Al?)

Bradford has its good points, eh, Barr!

How is it that Mickey Dent can get away with the things she says to the teachers?

Why does Donna Weese get home so early on Thursday and Friday nights after school?

W is for writing which he does teach,

A is for accuracy in typing he does preach,

S is for shorthand we do every day,

M is for meanings and outlines, we say.

I is for invoices we have to do,

T is for transcription, we do that too.

H is for homework he gives us each night which we do four times to his delight.

11-G

A is for all the girls that are left

B is for boys, we have 2½

C is for commercial, the course that we picked

D is for Doug the dead-eyed Dick

E is for English when we get Mr. Toon

F is for Florence who will ship any day soon ? ?

G is for Gorrie, with Jimmy she is swoony

H is for homework that is always so gloomy

I is for ink Miss Whitham thinks we drink

K is for kids — we have one or two wits

L is for Lois, as crazy as can be

M is for memory work of which we're not free

O is for obedience on which there's a ban

P is for Prince, her boy friend is tall

Q is for questions, we answer them all

R is for Rosemary — the twin that stayed with us

S is for shorthand Miss Whitham teaches

V is for vagueness, with us it comes natural

W is for Westdale of which we are part

X is for Xmas which show us we're smart

Y is for yelling which everyone does

Z means that it's "Zactly time to buzz"

11-T1

FAVORITE PASTIMES . . .

BABB — Being star pupil in Math.

BENNETT — Catching the 6.30 p.m. bus.

BRACE — Digging for old coins.

BROCK — Winning bets.

EGLES — Sharpening his pencil with a 10" blade.

GEAR — Getting to school.

GERRETT — Forgetting the attendance card.

GRAHAM — Checking hats and coats.

KITCHEN — Trying to beat his own record of 110 m.p.h.

LOVE — Writing romantic poems.

MARTIN — Hasn't any. The Royal is closed.

McINTOSH — Beating the bell.

VERRALL — Feeding pet crocodile.

YATES — Satisfying Mr. Stale by knowing his Mediaeval History.

11-T2

WE WONDER . . .

Shirley — Who Shirley dreams about during Cooking Lesson.

Jean — If Jean is an angelic as she appears.

Betty — Wheres she found her "Big Bill".

Gwen — If it is Doug, Ross, or Bob.

Beryl — How Beryl gets her homework DONE?

Betty — Who is she always telephoning?

Elizabeth — Ziz is our future champion; she spends her time BOBBing from school to the rink.

Clare — Ding-dong-DELL.

11-T3

SONGS THAT SUIT THE PERSON . . .

Bonner — "Eager Beaver".
 CHERALLEY — "Young and Innocent".
 Davis — "What is This Thing Called Love".
 Dorsey — "I Feel So Smoochie".
 Green — "Music Maker(s)".
 Gunby — "If I Only Had a Match".
 Hamilton — "Lover".
 Leyland — "All of Me".
 McCulloch — "I Wonder, I Wonder, I Wonder".
 Morrow — "I Understand" (to Mr. McDairmid).
 Miller — "I Never Loved Anyone".
 Peters — "You'll Never Know".
 Potter — "The Gentleman is a Dope".
 Plunkett — "I'm Confessin".
 Smith — "A Fellow Needs a Girl".
 Snelling — "I Ain't Got No Body".
 Tait — "Near you" (Jane, of course).
 Taylor — "Lazybones".
 Uberig — "Jack, You're Dead".
 Waits — "Ooh Looka-there Ain't She Pretty".
 Walker — "Country Style".
 Vernon — "Mables Song" (What did he say?).
 Yates — "Sleepy Baby".

12-A

SUITABLE SONGS . . .

"Laurie" — Jean Cameron's version of "Laura".
 "Luke" — "Nancy with the Laughing Face".
 Tom Woodhouse — "If I Only Had a Match".
 Betty Ratz — "What'll I Do".
 Gwenn Segal — "I'm Forever Blowing Bubble Gum".
 Jeanette Paiken — "I'm Just Wild About Harry".
 Shirley McCarter — "I Feel So Smoochie".
 Bill Wands — "Just a Lonely Carrot in an Onion Patch".
 Fred Wright — "Carolina Moon".

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW . . .

Where Snelgrove learned to blow such big bubbles?
 Why Jimmie Temple's homework is such a "Gorrie" mess?
 Why Ed Wright has "Baggs" under his eyes?
 Why Howard Moor sticks to "cokes"?
 Where Ginsberg gets all those notes?
 If Dianne is "Sayn" or (D)"Opie"?
 Why Pauline makes those trips to Kitchener?
 Where Mary Lang has "Binn(ie)" lately?
 Where Stonehouse learned to run so fast?
 What Melba Evans finds so interesting at the canteen?
 Where Gladys Davy gets all those brains?

* * *

"Your grandfather is a little deaf, isn't he?"

"A little deaf? Why yesterday he conducted family prayers while kneeling on the cat."

* * *

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Second Inmate: "Now I'm buying up old wells, sawing them to pieces, and selling them for post ho.es"

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12-C

FUTURE OCCUPATIONS . . .

Neison — Captain of the Hamiltonian.
Munro — Pastor at Centenary.
Van Dalen — Head of History Department.
Conner — Singing with the Bell Choir.
Brown — Playing Sax for Kenton.
Husband — Salesman at "Hamilton's Old Reliable Furniture Store".
Beal — Playing cornet for Boston Pops.
Allen — Manufacturing Shirts with French Fronts.
Emery — Janitor at 304 Herkimer.
Foreman — Manufacturing Bubble Gum, Wax Teeth, etc.
Dowall — Laughing for the Inner Sanctum.
Biggs — Advertising for Lucky Strike.
Braden — Still Collecting Tickets at the Regent.
York — Helping Braden.
Leckie — Driving Bus to Kitchener (week-ends only)
Goodale — Geologist — Studying Living Stones.
O'Hara — Successor to Charles Atlas (oh, yeah!).
Takata — Proprietor at Aikens.
Henderson — C.O. of Argylls.
Best — Designing a Better Basketball.
Katz — Bond St. Casanova.
Moriyama — Making Eddie Safranski.
Hatanaka — Helping Moriyama.
Pennington — Successor to Leo Durocher.
Williams — Successor to John L. Lewis.

12-F

CONVERSATION . . .

Miss Dixon — "You can do anything if you put your mind to it."
Arelene — "I saw you watching us, sir!"
Mr. Chapman — "Greta, have you the cent you owe me?"
Greta — "Well, I'm saving for it, sir!"
Dorothy — "Listen to this one."
Anne — "Has anyone seen Marge?"
Hilda — "I can't, I'm going out with Harry tonight."
Marg — "Let's have a class party."
Veronica — "Who wants some cashews?"
Ida — "But I don't understand sir!"
Betty F. — "Gee, I'm short 50 cents again!"
Wally — "Here, let me pay for it."
Dick — "Boy, I got another white slip." (?)
Mary E. — "O, Solo, Mio."
Gord — "Time to go . . . it's ten to four."
Olga — "There's just one thing I don't understand, sir . . ."
Annette — Mr. Gilbank's favourite reader.
Mary L. — "They give you coffee at McLarens."
Evelyn — "I can so speak French. Oui, oui — so there."
Elsie — "Gee, I'm taller than Marie."
Marie W. — "He's too tall."
Joyce — "I KEN't help loving that man."
Marie S. — BLANK (Marie doesn't say much).
Barb — "But my bus leaves at 4.05."
Betty M. — "Gee, mom's got the gas on!"
Helen — "Rossie's got brown eyes."
Sophie — "You're all wrong, Olga."

12-K

Cameron Buttrum won the scholarship
Now acclaimed by Betty as his lordship;
Roland Chiarot, the swing-low lad
A chance at the scholarship he thought he had;
Jim Currie has an unconquerable photia
To check his answers with the encyclopedia;
Robert Dobas, though the smallest of any
Has tusselled and quarrelled with teachers so many;
Douglas McDonald the friend of all
Spends his nights at the local pool hall;
Fred Pawluk likes drafting the least they say
No so — but he'll become a good guy anyway.
To you this may be a decided bore
But note you fool — that ain't no more!

12-L

Dallos — Roller skating fiend from Alexandria.
Eaton — Big husky farm boy from Carlisle.
Finley — Westdale Tuxis basketball star.
Kern — Always chasing women around Ancaster.
Latta — Spends all his time on first floor — Vivian.
Needham — Greensville Wolf.
Smythe — 12-L basketball star.
Thompson — Always receiving love letters from Kingston.

12-N

Kayanagi — First in class and winner of electrical scholarship.
Makes motors run backwards.
Henry — Last in class — does everything right

Leslie Woodley

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11-U

Jean has Spike trouble, leap year is catching up with her.
Puppy Love has hit Frank and Esther between the ears.
Frank Clanciola is the Art Department's tallest male (glamour boy).

Jim Hamilton — who gets the tickets this week?

12-R

Brewer — "Lover".
Cooper — "Bowles' Boy".
Hoyle — "Catastrophe".
Jacques — "Locke St. Gangster".
Routsky — "The Peoples Cherce".
J. C. Savchuk — "Beach Road Bum".
Gorchinsky — "Fruitland Hustler".

12-T

And now let us turn to our Current Events
And take a fast trip to New York,
Where the Russian, Sir Michael Zwirowich by name,
By trade, a wonderful rower,
Declared "Veto! Veto! We don't want the Yanks."
Said Minister Finlay: "Drop dead,"
But Envoy, Will Harvey, hath settled the question
By tuning in CHML.
And during the meeting, Betty Buttram began
To talk with Sir Russell MacDonald;
But Fitzhenry butt in, and couldn't stop his talking,
So Russell, he left for the Navy.
Now we can't forget Fraser, nor Urquhart either;
Two of our basketball fiends,
And you've heard of Jim Walker and Allan Jones
No piece do they give us in radio shop
Then there is Veres and Gerald Wong too
Who argue all day long.
And then we have Janzen along with Doug Hanks
At opposite ends of the class.

12-U

See Bob Chambers if you ever want your face lifted.
Stuart's aim — To get to first bass with B.
Hey Souter! which is it, a career or matrimony?
Helen Cater, your spring fever is showing.
Bill Markle — Don't put off till to-morrow what you can do
the day after.
Mary Ann is leaving her career to run a hot-dog stand near
Simcoe.

13-B

WE WONDER . . .

When the axe will fall?
Where Doreen spends her afternoons?
Why Mr. Ettinger is so perturbed when Ron Ellis and a
member of 12-C are absent together?
How Barbara can be so sure Revlon lipstick will not stay
on?
If David Fickly has laryngitis or is embarrassed by his
Lit. answers?
What Cathy and "the Brook" have in common?
Celebrities — auditorium stars — Ron Ralph and Don Simpson;
our Barbara Ann Scott — Eileen Baker; Football hero —
Harris McPhail; Champion bubble blowers — Betty and
Dot; First girl editor — Jane Coleman; Morning stars —
Grenn Price and Robin Agnew; other bright lights — Ed
Rosing, Ted Rouse and Mr. Campbell.
Many thanks to Anne Motiat and Bill Birmingham for arranging
our party. Mike hasn't recovered yet!
June Holt has trouble controlling her tongue and her notes.
What's the matter with the brunettes at Westdale, Dick?
Familiar things — Ruthie's big smile, Lois' jokes, Ruth Her-
man's kleenex, Bunny's long week-ends and Eleanor with-
out a comb.
Our seamstresses — Shirley and Mary.
Hardest workers — June, Helenne, Mary and Ed Lloyd.
We can just mention Dolores, Molly, Norma, Joyce, Margaret
and Sue as our meagre supply of words has run out.

13-C

Buddy Schmidt — Lover Boy.
Brad Smith — Class Romeo.
Shirley Cunningham — Ray — 'nough said!
Ruth Worthington — Just My Bill.
John Robinson — I'm a big boy now.
Ray Wickham — Jeannie with the light brown hair.
Earb Walls — Let's all sing like the Birdies sing.
Ruthe Winder — Run (Pete) Rabbit, Run.
John Morrison — Silent Type.
— Proms.

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Marietta Weiser — 3 — weeks.

— men.

Helen Bell — Ron's My Desire.

Jerry Smith — Oh, Johnny!

Joyce Bingleman — There's a COG in the wheels that make her go round.

Keith Goodfellow — Walking Encyclopedia.

Marg Leake — Thanks for the grand Class Party.

Jerry Sacks — The Man I Love.

Mary McMullen — She's the girl who takes Fitz.

Carol Williams — Our most ardent sport fan.

Leigh Arrell — Our Western Fan.

Donald Johnston — Wildroot Cream Oil Charlie.

Gordon Lennard — Cuban Pete.

Ruth Jaffery — Loves horses and Ross Howell.

Frances Woodcroft — Westdale's Hedy Lamar.

Marg Verrell — These wild, wild women.

Mr. McAndrew — Our helper in distress.

Marg Morrison — Our dashing Centralite.

Sam Gardener — Every Day's Ladies' Day for me.

Ken Madden — The Gentleman is a Jerk.

Shirley Woolmer — Interest centres around Mac's residence.

Betty Marshall — Sophisticated Lass.

Gwen Parker — Future: Pharmacist's Wife.

Miriam Ralph — Whispering.

Eleanor Morgan — Club 22 Fan.

Isabel Grant — Issy's doing fine.

Marilyn Ferguson — Your Blasé.

13-D

We wish Mothersell more luck in her romance than Mort had. Markle makes his debut to society by attending the Prom while

Fraser goes far afield in search of love.

We wish Doug Embleton lots of luck in the coming track meets.

What goes, when Walker takes home B. R.?

It seems that Mac, and Harry should take over Mr. Hone's Algebra class. They do more talking than he does.

Where does Ken get all those nice pictures?

How are things with our widely acclaimed Triune President?

What do you say, Doc?

Has Roger got a crush on the Class' number one blonde? What do you say, Patterson?

Pike and Winter and a few of the other male intellectuals of 13-D seem to enjoy life in spite of being at the head of the class. How?

Mike Yednoroz and Billie Milne are the long and the short

of the school basketball team.

And now to turn to the bitter half.

The girls are outnumbered, but (don't laugh).

They don't mind that, and anyway,

They're thinking of Maths and Science all day.

Anne seems to be Living a Stoney life.

But Diane is a Freeman.

It's too bad that Joan is so unhealthy.

She's sick every Friday afternoon.

JUNIOR AND SENIOR ART SPECIALS

The halls must be Mike's chief attraction.

Philip — our mad abstractionist; never mind, Phil, aren't we all crazy?

Audrey is bored with Canada.

Jim Craigmyle is seen continually with a bottle (turpentine, that is).

Lois Plater — Some day Lulu will be late for her own funeral.

Don Nixon — Seems like he will be Canada's Salvador Dali.

Rose Marie — She wants men, she doesn't Need 'em.

Jim Howes' secret ambition is to be a Fireman.

SPECIAL COMMERCIAL

"A" will uphold the law as a mountie.

An outstanding skier at Cedar Springs is our Dick.

Our Tiger Junior (we shoulda won) is Ray.

Ron disk-jockeys all Saturday afternoon on CKOC. (plug).

Mike was our pride with the senior footballers.

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO SEE . . .

Terry — Calling down the "States".

Jim — Getting a flat tire on his bike.

Bert — Taking out L. W. in his plane.

Gus — Cutting Mr. Chapman's lawn for free.

Owen — Selling short and buying long.

Walt — Serious for once.

Dave — Get 100% in bookkeeping.

FAMILIAR SIGHTS . . .

Anne, Georgie, Joan P., Nan and Joyce gossiping in the corner.

Shirley and Connie dashing in at 1 minute to nine.

Sue and Doris talking during Mr. Chapman's period.

Joyce and Bob strolling up the hall.

Marilyn J. typing for Mr. Chapman.

Elsie, Barb B. and Barb H. planning their trip to New York.

Pat, Doreen and Aileen arguing with somebody or other.

Marilyn R. and her little suitcase.

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"Why did the chicken cross the road!"
"To keep his pants up."

* * *

Then there's the one about the wife who shot her hubby in April because she loved him, and told the court that she thought spring was the proper time for tender shoots.

* * *

Fairclough: "I was not going forty miles an hour—not twenty—not even ten—in fact, when the officer came up I was almost at a standstill."

Judge: "I must stop this or you will be backing into something. Twenty-five dollars!"

* * *

The English teacher wrote on the blackboard, "I didn't have no fun over the week-end." "Now, James," she commanded, "how should I correct that?" "Get yourself a feller," suggested James.

* * *

Women's faults are many,
Men have only two:
Everything they say,
And everything they do.

* * *

Said a cigarette to the tray on the shelf,
"I just go on making an ash of myself!"

* * *

1. She sat on a bridge in the gloaming
And tickled his face with her toes.
But she was a Jersey mosquito
And the bridge was the bridge of his nose.
2. I sneezed a sneeze into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where
But hard and froze were the look of those
In whose vicinity I snooze.
3. 'Twas in a restaurant they met
Brave Romeo and Juliet.
He had no cash to pay his debt
So Romeo'd what Juliet.

* * *

Mrs. Hotstuff breezed into a butcher shop and looked down her elongated proboscis at the clerk. "I'll have 2 dozen chops," she said, "and see that you make the mlean. "Yes, ma'am," said the clerk meekly. "To the left or the right?"

* * *

As the cannibal said, "You can't keep a good man down."

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* * *

Clancy wandered backstage between the acts of a musical revue and innocently entered a room marked "Chorus Girls' dressing room. Positively no admittance." A watchman nabbed him in the act. "Can't you read?" he hollered, pointing to the sign. "Who's smokin'?" asked Clancy.

* * *

Admiral Byrd was showing his trophies to an admiring visitor. "By rights," he said, "this silverware should have been given to my dogs. They discovered the pole first."

* * *

A timid, mousy little man tapped on the arm of the formidable gent who had been sitting next to him at the theatre. "I don't suppose you chance to be Hector Periwinkle of Hartsdale, New York?" he hazarded. "No, I don't," said the f.g. "What's it to you?"

"Just this," squeaked Mousey. "I am—and that's his umbrella you're taking."

* * *

Student: "Why is it that there are more auto accidents than train accidents?"

Fred Edden: "That's easy. Did you ever hear of a fireman hugging an engineer?"

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